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Poetry.

For the Blade.

TAKE ME BACK TO MOTHER'S KITCHEN.

BY S. E. L.

Take me back to mother's kitchen, in the log-house by the wood,
Where the elm tree spread its branches and the sugar maple stood.
Let me look into the window, let me enter by the door,
And behold once more the picture, as it was in days of yore.

Low the ceiling, and the windows, they are curtained not with lace,
But with folds of snow white muslin, cut and hemmed in old time grace;
The floor is bare and carpetless, the doors have not a screen,
But everything within the room is neatly kept, and clean.

This the place where mother taught me, kneeling at her side, to pray;
This the threshhold of forgiveness when I chanced to disobey.
Nursed by loving hands and tender, by its fire-light glowing, warm;
Sheltered from the storm and darkness, I was safe from every harm.

Sweet emotions surge upon me and my breath comes faster now,
As I think of patient mother, and I press my throbbing brow.
Smiles of tenderest affection on her loving face I see,
As she labors for my comfort, toiling uncomplainingly.

Now I think I hear her singing, as she goes about the room;
And I bend my ear and listen to that good old fashioned tune.
Though the strains were often broken, through my soul the echoes ring,
Never was there sweeter music than my mother used to sing.

"Rock of Ages!" Oh, she sang it with a Christian's hopeful zeal;
How her voice with pity trembled in the "Dying Child's Appeal."
To these hymns I oft have listened, and in childish passion wept;
Gracious hymns! their sacred meaning ever since my heart has kept.

To my mind the scenes of childhood, fancy paints in color bright;
Memory holds no dearer treasure, has no holier delight.
Take me back to mother's kitchen, in the log house by the wood;
It to earth its walls have crumbled, let me worship where it stood.

FAME.

EMMA LOVETT CARSON,

"Bridget," said I, with a modest air,
And the tone of a genius unaware,
As, poetic in mind, I portfolio'd my pen
Some verses of mine were printed,
"This is what I was writing one day
When I sent you in a hurry to say
The children must not make a noise at play,
Or I'd certainly go demented.

"My name is published—see, up there"—
She looked at it with a bewildered stare,
Then slowly changed to a pitying air
As she laid aside the paper.
"Troth an' I do, ma'am, mind that same;
I'd think it quare an' a burnin' shame
If they should be afther printin' my name,
Like that, plain out in the paper!"

Our Story Teller.

JENNY BROOKE.

I.

On a Friday morning I received from my friend Luxton the following letter:

"MY DEAR NED:—Why don't you run down and see us for a few days? Are the sparrows on the roofs of Dances Inn more to you than the chaste and goldfinch—more than your old friend and his wife? Push away your musty books and papers, lay down your ugly soaked pipe, put a shirt or two and a brush and comb into your bag, hail the swift hansom, and catch the next train from Victoria. You say, 'Why this sudden unseemly haste?' You have not written to me for months, and when now at length you do, you write this comic invitation. Why (as A. W. hath it)—why is this thus?' Because, my boy, I am in love, and my wife is in love; but I not with her, and she not with me. *Comment?* We are both in love on your behalf with the fairest, the sweetest maiden the modern world has seen. She is in this house; she has been here a week, and she will be here for some few weeks longer. She came through an advertisement—a singular mode of entrance, wasn't it? I don't think I told you that we had advertised in the *Field* that a gentleman farmer was ready to receive into his house one or two ladies or gentlemen in want of fresh air and farm produce. Poor Milly! It was her idea. We never thought—did we?—when I came to this confounded place eight years ago that I should have to receive lodgers for a living. But what can a poor farmer do in these days? My dear Milly! she has been the bravest little woman. Well, well. In answer to our advertisement came this young lady I have mentioned—Jenny Brooke; do you like the name? [There is a rhyme lost somewhere, I'm sure.] She is the orphan of a lawyer, and the ward of a lawyer—oddly enough, a rather young man, who would, I suppose naturally, to marry her, I think. She is charming—all the more charming to my mind because her education has been a trifle neglected; and, besides, she has (a word in your ear) a trifle of a thousand or so a year. If I don't stop I shall run completely into Silas Wegg's vein. Come at once. I will meet you at the station. Yours ever.

"P. S.—Jenny has brought the spring with her. She drinks milk and trips about all over the fields, and down through the warren, and the primroses peep over everywhere to look at her. Come. The pig you so much admired last fall is bacon and being eaten."

I need scarcely say that this letter utterly ruined my morning's work. I tried to shove it aside as being merely agreeable evidence—if I had wanted any—of my friend's unconquerable good spirits and warm sunny fancy; but all the same, my thoughts would keep slipping away in speculation of Miss Jenny Brooke. Did she care for Milly's rather "youngish" guardian in a lover-like way? Would she ultimately marry him? Why, of course she would. Nature and the drama had decreed it as the proper end. But would it not be more dramatic if some one should come between the "rather youngish" guardian and the girl?—some poor devil who might appeal more to the girl's fancy than a prosy guardian could? But she was an heiress, and heiresses are always wayward, and troublesome to woo or to win; and I had my work to attend, and had no time for such vagaries. Yet there was little much to recommend this heiress besides her own charms, that she had no relations to be wooed and won. The end of it was I threw aside my work, wrote a telegram to Luxton to meet me by the afternoon train (few of my friends will believe I could be so impulsive), and walked up to my club to lunch.

Luxton's farm was only between thirty and forty miles from town, and by 5 o'clock I was shaking his hand and stepping into his dog-cart.

"You have been prompt," said the, glancing into my face as we drove off. "You liked the invitation—eh?"

"Yes," said I, looking at the horses's ears, and somehow shrinking from entire frankness. "I have been sticking rather close to work and seeing nobody; I was geting rusty and out of sorts, and the pictures you drew of country delights so tempted me," said I, at length giving him a glance, "that I decided to come for a few days. And having made the decision it would only have been waste of time to put off the carrying of it out—Wouldn't it?"

"Certainly. You'll stay a fortnight at least."

"A fortnight? I must be back in town on Tuesday."

"Tuesday? You can't accomplish anything by Tuesday. Certainly, you can take her to church on Sunday."

"My dear fellow," I said, "it's awfully kind of you to provide for me in the way you suggested, but I don't know that I want to marry anybody, least of all an heiress. May I not enjoy till Tuesday the good things of the country, your and your wife's society—and the girl's, too, if she likes—without compromise?"

"Oh! surely, my boy, surely."

He was not offended; we were very old friends, and, as I reflected afterward, he must have considered my old habit of shrinking reserve—how the shyness of my nature had always been ashamed of its weak impulsiveness. So the rest of the way we were silent concerning Miss Jenny Brooks, though I was really itching to talk about her.

However, in half an hour I stood in her presence. It was not too light in the low-roofed farm parlor; a fire burned brightly, the cloth was laid and spread with all the preparations for the usual profuse farm-house tea when I entered and saluted my friend's wife, and then, turning, met the direct, half-saucy, half-conscious look of a tall young lady, who rose in the corner by the fire. Her complexion was of the clearest—almost consumptively clear (she emitted a painful little cough as she resumed her seat;) her eye and nose of the sauciest; fair she was, and her figure was of the compact, maidenly sort that best shows its curves of beauty when reaching up to the clothes-line. During and after tea I had opportunity to judge that she had a tender little heart, somewhat spoiled by injudicious petting, that somewhat petulantly desired the attention and affection of all that came near it, that needed loving instruction and guidance. I of course began to assume to myself—what I supposed any tolerably serious young swain would have done in my place—that I was about to undertake the care and conduct of this bright young creature.

That night Luxton led me and my candle to bed. He lingered a little.

"Well," said he, "what do you think of my Miss Jennie? A delightful, bright, saucy girl, eh?"

"Very ingenue," said I, indifferently, winding up my watch, "and very ignorant. A nice, generous-hearted girl, though, I should think, would you kindly buttoned frock coat, and small black bag. He was what cabby would call "an 'aughty gent." He had the absurd manners of so many Englishmen who look and behave as if they held within their double-breasted coats the secrets of a government. I don't suspect you wish to share. In fine, he was a dark, handsome young man, with heavy black mustache; and I hate dark men.

In the intercourse which was unavoidable in so confined and familiar a household as that of my friend I found the young man quite as objectionable as I had imagined him. He did not look me openly in the face, and I found him trying to estimate me when he thought I was not observing. I discovered he was better informed about sporting events—especially turf events—than about any other matter under the English sun; and in my experience the men who are devoted to that noble animal the horse are the ignoblest of their kind. The deteriorating influence of the horse upon morals is amazing.

All Sunday I was insisting to myself that I would think no more of the bewitching Jennie, yet I thought of her more and more distractedly—this way and that—wondering what it was in this Haldane that attracted, and he manifestly was attached to him, at the same time as (I thought) she was rather afraid of him. Could it be that Jenny was one of those woman who seem to have had transmitted to them the submission of savage ancestors, and to caress with most affection the hand that's cruelest to them? If so, then I was out of it. But giddy rapture seized me in the evening when (Haldane not having returned from a walk with Luxton over the fields) she said with simple frehness that she would like to go to church. I at once offered to go with her. We were ready in a twinkling. I twined the soft wrap round her sweet neck, and we set off together. I delighted in the darkness and the stumbling, and so did she—to judge by her merry laughter, muffled though it was by the folds of her wrap.

I was scolded by Mrs. Luxton for having taken Jenny out in the night air, and Jenny herself did not appear next morning at breakfast. Still I cherished the secret delight which made music to me until Jenny came down stairs, devoted herself to Haldane, and seemed to have forgotten all the pleasant intimacy of the evening before. I began to think Jenny a flirt, and I was unused to flirting or being flirted with.

Haldane did not return to town that day, and here the strange part of my story begins. He remained another—he was so charmed with the country, or he wished to see a little more of Jenny; any reason, or no reason—he staid. Cast down, exasperated by Jenny's neglect of me, I wandered alone about the fields and by the brook, until at luncheon (or dinner) time I was in so humble and lover-like a condition as to be ready to do anything to win back her smiles. I was taken with the wild thought of buying her some worthy present in the neighboring town, but I had not enough money with me. I had, however, my check-book. I wrote a check, and prevailed on Luxton to drive with me into the town to cash it at his banker's.

"Ah!" said Haldane, when he saw the dog-cart at the door, "going for a drive? Into the town? Oh, I think I'll go go with you. I'll take the back seat, and balance your trap for you."

So he sat behind, balanced the "trap," and put his head between Luxton and me to remark to us on the mare's points and pace. When we stopped before the little bank in the town Luxton got down to cash my check and Haldane jumped down also. He strolled into the bank after Luxton, and I could see through the window that while Luxton looked at it before paying it in, he looked at it too—I thought at the time it was merely a touch of impertinent curiosity, but events proved it must have been a more calculated glance. When my friend handed me the money I set off to do a little shopping by myself, arranging to meet him at the postoffice. I bought a pretty trinket, no matter what, and in half an hour had rejoined my companions. When we were back in the farm yard I lingered to help Luxton to unharness the mare, while Haldane walked into the house.

"You're in luck," said my friend, grasping my arm with an air of triumph and mystery. "Jenny must have been saying something or he"—with a backward glance toward the retreating Holdane—"must have noticed things for himself. When you were doing your shopping he asked her about you—whether you were well off, you know, and all that."

"And you represented, I suppose, that I was up to my eyes in bank notes instead of in printers' proofs?"

"Well, not quite that, but I think I left a good impression."

"Oh!" I said. I did not feel quite grateful, and I resented Haldane's having anything to do with me. Still, I supposed if any one but Haldane himself wished to marry Jenny, Haldane's permission must be asked. We walked into the house in silence (my friend, doubtless, thinking me ungracious), and I went to my room to debate with myself and to look at the trinket I had bought. I found I was beginning to think with less dislike of Haldane as guardian merely than as lover and guardian both. I even thought that if he staid another day or two it would be wise in me to be friendly with him. In the meantime, scarcely knowing how to present the trinket to Jenny, I wrote a letter addressed to her in case I should decide to use a messenger. That done, I locked for the time both letter and trinket away in my bag, and went down to tea. I endeavored all the evening to be agreeable to Haldane, and acquitted myself fairly well, I believe. I tried to accommodate myself to his mood, which happened to incline toward card playing. I bear about with me some evidence of that evening's intercourse with the greatest rascal I hope with whom I have ever met. He taught me the little I know of cribbage, the game of Bret Harte's "Heathen Chinee," with its mysteries of right and left bower.

Next morning, contrary to all expectation, he announced his intention of returning to town at once. He begged to be excused before breakfast was half finished and withdrew to pack up his bag. In a few seconds he was back, looking very disturbed, and holding in his hand a small twisted key. He had, he said, spoiled it in his haste, so that it would not turn the lock. Would some one lend him his keys, he asked, looking at me.

"You are welcome," said I, unsuspecting any trick, "to try what you can do with mine."

While he was gone there was some discussion as to how he was to be driven to the station. In the dog cart, of course; but who would drive it? Luxton could not go, (he had to be in the fields sowing his seed), nor could he spare a man to go.

"I'm afraid," said Jenny, giving me a straight, appealing look, "that I can't drive a dog cart."

"If I can be of any use," said I, feeling very hot, "use me. I'm not much of a horseman, but I think I can manage the mare."

"You'll manage right enough," said Luxton.

"Oh, thank you," cried Jenny, jumping up to get her jacket. "That will do beautifully!"

"And he shall sit on the back seat and balance the 'trap' again," I said to myself.

When I had got my coat on I returned into the parlor. Jenny stood there alone. She stood before the mirror with her hands up, trying to fasten the strings of her respirator about her ears (an east wind was blowing).

"Oh!" she cried, letting her hands drop when she saw me, "do fasten this for me. I've broken the elastic and I can't tie it back."

I went to her. She inclined the pretty, delicately colored ear to me; I began to fasten the string about it without a word.

"Are you cross?" she asked, lightly.

"Cross? " I answered as lightly. "Why should I be cross?"

"You don't look Dick. I can see you don't. Why don't you?"

"I shall try to like him as well as any man can, if"—

"If what? Why, how your fingers do tremble! Haven't you got it fastened yet?"

I was overwhelmingly tempted to blurt out a few hot words, and to touch with my lips the delicate warm skin so close to me, but I refrained. This much, however, let me say: If a young lady should ever wish to precipitate matters with a lagging lover, let her ask him to tie her respirator. I had barely tied Jennie's when Maidane entered and handed me back my keys. He looked paler than usual, I thought, and he had that peculiar suffused fullness of the eyes which marks, I have observed, a too great determination of blood to the head. Perhaps, I thought, he was startled by seeing me so close to Jenny. During the drive he was very silent, and kept looking at his watch. Once I paid little heed to him; I was as happy as a love sick idiot well could be.

When we reached the station I staid in the dog-cart while Jenny went down to the platform with Haldane to see him off. Not feeling secure of my management of the mare when I heard the train approaching, I trotted for a little way off and returned when the train was gone. I expected to find Jenny waiting for me, but there was no one. A porter, however, appeared and came toward me.

"Have you seen Miss Brooke?" I asked. (She was well known to the porters, as to every one.)

"Yees, sir. She just now tell me, as she jumped into the carriage, to tell you as how it's all right. She come up to see you, but you wasn't here."

"Oh, indeed. Jumped into the carriage. She's gone, then, with—with the gentleman?"

"Yes, sir. A dark party, with a small black bag."

I flicked the mare with the whip and she started. The porter went to pat her neck and met my eye. He was looking intensely curious.

"Can I do anything for you, sir?"

This warned me not to let out or give a hint of any disgreeable suspicion, which, I knew would spread through the gossiping little town with the rapidity of split spirit.

"No, thank you." I said. "It's all right. Good-day." And I drove off.

The more I thought of this escapade the more I did not know what to think. The Luxton's alone, with their complete knowledge of Jennie's affairs and connections, could explain. So I put the mare to her best pace.

"Eh, alone?" cried Luxton, as I drove into the yard. "Where's Jennie? What's the matter?"

"Jennie's gone with Haldane," I said, and related all I knew. "What can she have gone in such a hurry? It's absurd to think of an elopement under the circumstances."

He shook his head with a look of the profoundest ignorance.

"I haven't a notion," he said. "You seem surprised; but I know very little of her affairs."

"Well," said I, "tell me what you do know, so that I may see if we can understand this together."

"But," said he, staring, "haven't I told you?"

"No," said I; "I have never asked you."

"Well," he began, "her father was a lawyer—a solicitor, I believe—in good practice—like Mr. Spenlow, you know, in 'David Copperfield.'"

I stared at him; it was only then I understood the full his romantic notions about Jenny and me. She was Dora and I was to be Doady.

"Her father," he continued, "died, leaving her a pretty little fortune, and this young Haldane as guardian."

"That," said I, interrupting, "is what you wrote to me about—Dances Inn."

"I thought I had told you."

"But," said I, "who told you Haldane was her guardian? What evidence?—"

"Evidence? She told me herself."

"Herself!"

We stared in each other's face. I fear there was a look of the forgotten lawyer in mine.

"Do you think, he asked indignantly, "Jenny would not tell me the truth?"

"Not for a moment. She might, however, lend herself to what she thought an innocent deceit. Frankly, I don't like that Haldane. What do you know of him?"

"What I've told you, and what I've seen since he's been here."

"But when Miss Brooke came—"

"Jenny came by herself, like a brave girl, and all of her own motion."

"But who introduced her to you? What introductions did she bring?"

"You talk," said he, with a dubious smile, "as if she were our guest. She is our lodger; people do not make exhaustive inquirites about a lodger."

"Careful people in London do."

"Well," said he, with a rueful kind of finality, "this is the country."

"It comes to this, then—that you really know nothing of Haldane. Don't you see," said I, drawing my bow at a venture, "that in this way you might receive into your house most objectionable characters?"

We had by this time reached the house. Mrs. Luxton met us as I uttered the last words.

"What is the matter?" she asked anxiously. "What have you done with Jenny? Mary," said turning to the gaping servant girl, "go along into the kitchen. What were you saying about objectionable characters?" she asked, when the girl was gone.

I told her the situation (her husband standing by, sadly undoing a knot in a piece of whipcord,) and repeating that I neither liked nor trusted Mr. Haldane.

"I must tell you," said she to me, with vexation and some hesitation, "a little thing that looks very odd. Mary tells me that this morning, while we were at breakfast, she met Mr. Haldane coming out of your room with a bunch of keys in his hand."

"My own keys, I dare say!" I exclaimed.

"But the strangest thing of all was, he had had the door closed upon himself."

At once I thought of the trinket I had bought to give Jenny, and I ran off to my room without a word, my host following me. I unlocked my bag. The trinket and the letter I had written to accompany it were both gone. I explained my loss to my friends, and reminded them how my own key must have been used to accomplish the theft, taking us, in the meanwhile, the only other thing of value in my bag—my check-book. Opening it with no clear purpose. I noticed that the upper edge of the first page was torn. I certainly had not done that. I was always very careful to tear along the perforated line. I examined it with more attention.

"Did you notice," said I to Luxton, "the number of the check I gave you yesterday?"

"Not much," said he, in undisguised alarm; "but I think the last figure was a 5."

"And," said I, "the last figure of this is '8'! Besides," I continued, "here are two blank counterfoils."

We looked at each other, and felt as if our trust in human nature had gone forever.

"But," said Mrs. Luxton, "you don't imagine Jenny can have had any hand in this?"

"I don't know what I imagine!" exclaimed her husband. "But I think we were fools, as Ned says, to take people into our house without knowing for certain who they were."

"Come," said I, "I'm surprised you give up your favorite so readily. I don't believe she has had anything to do with this, though her disappearance with him needs explanation."

We had no comfort to give each other; little, indeed, of any sort to say to each other.

"I must go up to town at once," said I. "These checks must be stopped; they can only have been taken to get money by forgery. I shall telegraph to the bank when I get to the station."

"And I must go with you," said my friend.

III.

It was now about 1 o'clock. There was no train from the neighboring little town (which was a branch line) for two hours. From the nearest main line station, which was a junction, there was a train in rather more than an hour. If we could catch that train we would reach Victoria at 3 o'clock. But could we catch it? There lay seven miles of hard road between the farm and the junction. And what about sending a telegram? The town lay out of our way; must we wait until the junction was reached? It was arranged thus: A man was sent into the town on horseback with the telegram, while we set off as speedily as possible to catch the main line train. With hard driving we reached the junction with just time enough to spare to consign the horse and dog-cart to the care of a porter to be taken to a neighboring inn. At 3 o'clock we were in London, and drove to the bank in Chancery Lane.

As we jumped from the hansom Haldane himself swung out of the bank with his hand in his pocket, and at the same instant a cab dashed up, from which there sprang Jenny, followed by an elderly woman.

"Oh," cried Jenny, catching at Haldane's arm, "oh, Dick! Dick! what have you been and done? Oh, you are here!" she exclaimed, when she saw Luxton and myself. "Mr. Haldane," said I, stepping up to him, "will you please come into the bank with me?"

"Why, what's the row?" he blustered, but he turned pale. "Is this some new game?"

"If you don't come in quietly," I said, "I must call a policeman."

"All right," he answered, "I'll oblige you."

"Oh," cried Jenny, turning to my friend, "what will happen to Dick?"

"I can't tell you, my girl," said Luxton, "but it looks a bad business."

We all entered, and I asked for the manager, giving my card. We were shown into his room.

"I sent a telegram here," said I, "two hours ago to stop two checks that might be presented."

"I have received no telegram," said he, glancing at my name.

"Then," said I, in open alarm, "I suppose they have been paid?"

"I'll inquire," said he. Then to the cashier when he came: "Has any check been presented in that name within the last hour or two?"

"Yes," said the cashier, looking at my card. "I paid a check for £150 a few minutes ago to this gentleman."

"Bring it to me," said the manager, looking hard at Haldane. When the check was brought he compared the signature on it with my registered signature in a big book. "It looks right enough," said he (and I caught a glimmer of a smile on Haldane's face). "Pay to Miss Jenny Brooke * * * or Bearer." And he handed me the paper.

"The signature," said I, "is a very clever imitation, but it is not mine."

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" cried Jenny. "You mean it's a forgery?"

"I deny it," said Haldane sturdily. "Will Mr. What's-his-name deny his wrote that letter?" He drew and handed a letter to the manager, who glanced through it and handed it to me with a queer, puzzled look. It was the very letter I had written to send to Jenny with the trinket! "The check," said Haldane, "was inclosed with that; it was the present mentioned."

The mere words as written do not represent the vile, calumnious sense superadded by look and tone.

"You infamous rascal!" I cried, beside myself.

"Hard words," said he, "break no bones. I am the guardian of my half sister here. I would have sent the check back, but I preferred when she showed this to me to remove her from your odious attentions, and at the same time to make you smart for it. You have repented of your generosity because I took Jenny away, but I shall stick to your money."

Luxton and I stared at each other, speechless and aghast at his extraordinary impudence. To add to my exasperation, I saw that the manager began to wear a doubtful, knowing look.

"What," I said, choking with resentment, "what does Miss Brooke say?"

"Yes," said Haldane, turning on Jenny a full look; "I appeal to my sister to confirm the truth of what I say. Was this not sent you as a present?"

"Yes, Dick, yes!" she answered hurriedly, with her eyes down and picking at the fingers of hes gloves.

"Jenny, my girl," broke in Luxton, almost in tears. "have you considered all that what you say means? I have thought you a good girl; do you know that to rob your brother or guardian says means your dishonor and—and all that? Do you really mean to maintain, my girl, that this was a present?"

"Oh! Dick, Dick!" she cried, throwing herself at the young man's knees. "Yes, yes—it was!"

I heard the words, yet I scarcely knew I was hearing them. I was in an amazing whirl of feeling—wonder, indignation and pain, as if my heart would burst. I could not think then at all of her reasons for admitting this fearful lie. I felt only I must be gone.

"Come," I said to Luxton, "there is nothing more to do here."

"I am sorry," said the man; "but you see I can do nothing. It is not for me to test the truth of such statements. Your only remedy is in a court of law."

I was so full of rage and resentment that I could utter nothing. I turned and went out, followed by Luxton. We walked to my chambers. I set down my traveling bag and looked around my little room. I could not endure the signs of work scattered about. I seemed to have got into a close, repulsive prison.

"I can't stand this," I said. "Let us go out and get something to eat, or at least to drink."

We made our way in silence to a restaurant close by. When we were sitting over a meal and had drank a quickening glass or two we spoke.

"By George!" said Luxton, "that was a bold, unscrupulous move of his! He made things fit so well! But what makes me feel bad—downright wicked, indeed—is that that girl should have backed him up in it! It's been an expensive holiday for you, my boy, that you are not likely to forget. And sorry I am that I invited you to be so deceived and disappointed."

"It's not the loss of the money," said I, "that I feel so much, though that is a loss which it will take me some time and a good deal of hard work to make up—it is the horrible necessity of having to think the worst of her! It is too horrible! But let us say no more about it. I shall never see her again, for it is out of the question for me to take such a matter into court. But how was it they did not get my telegram?"

"Well," said Luxton, "I'm afraid the man I sent with it is not quite to be depended on I don't mean he's dishonest, but he's too fond of a glass of ale. However, I shall find out when I go home—and home I shall go to-night."

But the end was not yet. That evening, when Luxton had returned to his Arcadian home, I sat brooding in my den on a third floor of Danes Inn, when my little bell clicked to announce a visitor. I had no desire for company, I rose with a gloomy resignation and opened the door. Guess with what speechless surprise I recognized the tall girl in the tawny jacket!

"May I speak to you, please?" The tone was not as it had been in the country, saucy and clear—It was diffident and low.

I opened the door for her to enter.

"May my friend come in? She has come with me; she's my old nurse."

"Come in," I said.

They entered my den. I cleared two chairs for them. Jenny glanced at the walls covered with books, the tables, chairs, and floor littered with books and newspapers, and then at me with a peculiar look of respect, which at another time would have made me laugh.

"He's gone away! Gone to-night to America! And now I know all about it," she broke out, and then paused to choke down a rising sob or two.

A new light began to break on me. Was Jenny not only not the scheming person events had made her out to be, but, instead, really nobler than I had fancied her? Had she really sacrificed herself for this base brother?

"I have done very wrong, I know," she continued, "but please forgive me! I'll pay all the money back for you. I can't at once, because Dick has scarcely left me anything. I'm afraid he has always been a bad boy, and he has been borrowing of me. That," said she moving as if to go, "is what I came to say."

Then I gently urged her to wait a little—to tell me all about it. And she told me all about it. And she told me how Dick, at the station, had urged her, insisted on her going to town with him; he wanted her on very important business. She did not need to say much more; I could understand the rest.

"Jenny," I said, "I am glad you have come. It was very, very hard to have to think you had any hand in this. Don't trouble about paying me back the money; I hope—I hope—I may one day be repaid a million times. Now let me advise you to go back to our friends in the country. Let me take you back to them to-morrow. I can explain to them."

So it came to pass that we traveled as I suggested. And I may still further satisfy the curiosity of my readers by admitting that since then I have performed the same journey alone twice every week, and that I always see Jenny at the other end.

Cautious to the Last.

When the census marshal reached the farm house of Macameron Oberheister, in Conestoga county, Pa., the wary farmer met him at the door with a shotgun, and when the marshal asked his name, one of the boys went out to the barn and untied three dogs. They chased the marshal clear across the township, when Mac. whistled them off, and then they put him in jail to hold him for trial. "You see," said Farmer Oberheister, "we're onto those sharpers; they think we're fools because we live in the country, but we're too smart for these town swindlers. You see, in 1879 there came along a fellow who was selling sewaping machine commission game on me, and beat me out of $300; that made me mad. Then along in 1881, a fellow from Philadelphia came out here and played the cloth game on me, and that cost me $265 Then the Three Horse Clevis man came next year, and he beat me out of $80 easy enough. Then the everlasting metallic paint man he played me for $140, and then last year the sunrise wheat fellow got into all of us for about $50 a piece, and this year the Bohemian oats crowd got about all the ready money there was in the county and took notes for the rest of it, and now this fellow come to the county and wants to know what my name is, but I am too sharp for him. Oh, I tell you, the Conestoga county boys are onto 'em; we're too smart for these fellows." It will be apt to go hard with the census marshal, although his trial will not come off for some time, as a man has just come into the county selling state rights for the Pottsdam Fertilizer, a machine that grinds up the hardest stones into the richest and cheapest fertilizer ever put on the ground, and all the farmers are too busily engaged in securing agencies for the machine to attend to court business.—*Burdette.*

The World's Wheat Production.

There are some facts connected with the world's wheat production, as set forth by the Department of Agriculture, which are equally interesting and instructive. The total product is 2,031,322,285 bushels; the supply is for a population of a thousand millions, or two bushels per capita. But India, with her two hundred million of inhabitants, is a prominent wheat exporting country, while raising only 258,000,000 bushels. The United States are the largest growers of wheat of any country. In 1886 we raised 457,000,000 bushels, or about eight bushels per head of population. The average yield per acre in 1886 was, say, twelve bushels. In Great Britain it was a trifle under twenty seven bushels. This is a matter of consideration. Our farmers might grow on the same area as much again wheat with greater profit. France comes next to us in production. Russia raises rye as the staple bread food of her people. The wheat fields of this country have followed the "breaking up" of the new territory. The cost has been slight, but the land has in many cases been badly impoverished. There will eventually be a return to the cultivation of this cereal in the Middle and Northern states, but under a higher method. In the meantime, the agriculture of the West, North and Southwest will become more diversified, while on the Pacific slope irrigation will make fertile the now barren soil

Not What it Used To Be.

No, indeed, my son, we don't have the preaching we used to have when your grandfather was a boy; indeed, we don't. Who has been telling you about it? Oh, your grandfather; well, whatever your grandfather tells you is true. And they didn't have the preaching when he was a boy they used to have when his grandfather was a boy, too. Time was when the good old preacher climbed up two flights of stairs into a pulpit nineteen feet high, read the whole book of Jeremiah—fifty-two chapters—for the morning lesson, sang the One Hundred and Nineteenth Psalm clear through, and then preached and expounded the doctrines and expounded the Bible and gaur the stuffing fly oot o' the cushion until 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when he stopped to catch his breath, and began again at sunset and preached until some time Monday morning. No, indeed, my boy, we don't begin to have the preaching they used to have.—*Burdette.*

Queen Victoria's Toys.

Mme. Tussaud & Sons are now exhibiting some highly interesting momentoes of her Majesty the Queen's infancy. Under a glass case in the eastern gallery will now be found the grst doll, the first pair of shoes and of gloves, several little toys, and other relics of the royal nursery. The doll is a model of an old woman in bed, an infant on her knee, and is in an excellent state of preservation, while of the other toys, a miniature chest of drawers is admirably made and preserved. With these are also exhibited a piece of her Majesty's wedding cake, and of the wedding cake of the Duchess of Albany, an amethyst ornament worn by the Duchess of Kent, and several other interesting souvenirs of the present reign. They will all be on view during the next month.—*London Chronicle.*

The Latest French Sensation.

"Then," says a prodigal son to his father, "you utterly refuse to give me more money." "Absolutely," says the father. "Eh bien!" says the son, for this takes place in a French newspaper, "one thing alone is left for me to do," and he produces a pistol! "Wretched young man," exclaims the horror-stricken parent, what would you do?" "Sell my pistol," replies the prodigal.

Humor.

THE ARIZONA EARTHQUAKE.

He Changed His Mind and Went Back on the Next Train.

The man was on his way east. He had come from Hogyawp, in Southern Arizona. His hands were soiled and the alkali dust around the gold cord on his sombrero was deep enough to tunnel.

"Hear of the shake we had in Arizone? Did, eh? Waal, did you know, stranger, that I wouldn't go back to that territory again for all the beef this side of the Grande. Arizone has been catching it in the neck ever since the Almighty made little apples. It it wusn't Injuns, then thar wus no rain, an' if thar wus rain, then it was snakes, an' Mexicans, an' cyclones, an' locusts, an' caterpillers an' hoss thieves. I went through this sort o' thing middlin' well, but when the ground got to shakin an' crackin' an' the mountains began pukin' fire an' smoke an' cinders then I thought it wus 'bout time to let down the bars an' git out."

"It was a bad earthquake, was it not?" inquired a jaundiced-looking man who was eating a spongy banana.

"Should think it was," said the man from Arizona. "It shook the whisky in Calabasas so hard that the stuff went off like giant powder, an' out in the Indigos creek district they had to build bridges over the cracks in the ground in order to get to meetin' on Sunday."

"I heard that great deposits of gold and silver were laid bare by the shake," said the man who had eaten the banana.

"In Arizone?"

"Yes."

"Whar 'bouts, stranger?"

"In the Sierra Madre Mountains, I believe."

"You don't say so!"

"I read about it in the newspapers."

"How long ago?"

"Last week."

"Tell you the truth, stranger," continued the man with the sombrero, "Arizona ain't such a bad kentry after all. I was just jokin' 'bout not goin' back thar agin. I'm goin' on the next train."

A Gruff Old Fellow.

On a railway train a woman, pale and careworn, sat holding a child. "Hush now; don't cry," she said, pressing her face against the child's face. "That awful man"—meaning a gruff old fellow who sat near—"will come here and snap our heads off. Just look what an awful face he is making at us. Please don't cry and we'll see papa after a while. O, mercy, he is coming," she said, as the gruff-looking old fellow approached her.

"I can't make her hush, sir," she said pleadingly, "I know that's very annoying, but I can't help it."

"Let me take her."

The woman, fearing to disobey, suffered him to take the child, who, too much astonished to cry, meekly submitted. The gruff man walked up and down the car, and once the tremulous woman fancied that she saw him press the child to his bosom. When he returned the little girl to her mother the woman asked:

"Are you fond of children, sir?"

"I—I—hardly know," he replied, looking away. "I suppose I am. I loved—I say I received a dispatch this morning telling me that my little girl is dead."

He sat down a moment later a woman who had just got on the train turned to a companion and said:

"Gracious me! Just look at that gruff old fellow. I would not have him speak to me for the world!"

He Got "Kinder Scart."

Up in a neighboring town a few years ago a good deacon on his way to church one Sunday morning crossed the culvert over a well-known trout brook just as a young man emerged from the alders, fishpole in hand, and with a goodly string of beauties. He was not over and above intelligent, so the deacon drew rein on his horse and said solemnly:

"Charles, do you know who saw you catch those trout this holy Sabbath morning?"

"No, deacon; 'twan't Henry Ferris, was it?"

"Charles, the Lord saw you."

"Wall, wall, deacon, you kinder scart me when you first spoke. I don't care about the Lord, but 'twouldn't do for Henry to see me, cause I've hired out to him for hayin', and he'd git somebody else if he knew I go troutin' Sunday."

The deacon won, and made a powerful plea in the missionary concert of the Sunday school for the poor heathen in India.—*Concord Monitor.*

A Terrible Scare.

Omaha girl—What has become of Mr. De Nice? He hasn't been here for two nights.

Brother—He is having some trouble in the courts. The charge against him is embracery.

"Embracery? Oh! Oh! Oh! I'm falling!"

"Here, quick, mother, bring water. The amount involved is only a few dollars, sis."

"Dollars? Oh, is embracery like stealing?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't you say so before? If he's in jail I want you to bail him out this instant and bring the poor fellow here."

Chicago's New Password.

Wife—Cyrus, this is a pretty time for you to be coming in. It's half an hour past midnight. You've been at the club again, drinking.

Husband (with impressive gravity and maintaining his equilibrium with much effort)—M'ria, my dear, you do me injustice. I was caught on jury. Couldn't get off till few minutes ago. Came straight home.

Wife—You are deceiving me, Cyrus, say mene mandransanctificadunanalleiopedonisemically.

Husband (cautiously)—Certainly, m' dear. Memoran—moran—bandansact—(getting reckless and letting go all holds)—G'out o' my way, madam! if I can't get into my own house 'thought giving 'fernal password I'll resign as head o' this family. Gway!—*Chicago Tribune.*

The Half-Cent.

Miss Croesus, of New York—"Papa, the morning paper says there is a demand for the issue of a half-cent coin. Isn't that very penurious and vulgar? What can anybody want of a half cent?"

Mr. Croesus—"The demand comes, my daughter, from some of the small Western cities. It is beneath the notice of people who move in metropolitan—"

Johnny Croesus (rushing in)—"Father, somebody passed a nickel with a hole in it on me this morning, and I've forgotten who it was."

Mr. Croesus—"You careless young scoundrel! That nickel will have to go to the monument fund, and it's the second one this week!"

A Cruel Old Man.

Young man (to sexton at church door)—Isn't the sermon nearly done?

Sexton—About an hour yet. He is only on his "Lastly."

Young man—Will it tak him an hour to get through his "Lastly"?

Sexton—No; but there's the "One word more and I am done," and the "Finally," and the "In conclusion" to come yet. Don't get impatient, young man. Your girl won't spoil.—*Puck.*

Just as Good.

A California woman who had $30,000 up as margins on stocks, went to her pastor and asked:

"Do you think it would be wrong for me to pray for stocks to go up?"

"Certainly I do," was his reply.

"Well, what shall I do?"

"You might pray that they shouldn't go down ma'am."—*Wall Street News.*

Peculiarities of the West.

Eastern young lady—All the wealthy people in Omaha board, don't they?

Omaha youth—No, indeed! The rich people keep house.

"But I have met ever so many at the fashionable summer resorts, and they all said they boarded while at home."

"Those were poor people."

"Poor?"

"Yes, they leave the Omaha boarding houses just as quick as spring comes and fly to the Eastern summer resorts to save expense."—*Omaha World.*

He Earned His Money.

"It's one hundred dollars in your pocket," whispered the defendant's lawyer to the juror, "if you can bring about a verdict of manslaughter in the second degree."

Such proved to be the verdict, and the lawyer thanked the juror warmly as he paid him the money.

"Yes," said the juror, "it was tough work, but I got there after a while. All the rest went in for acquittal."

A SHAMELESS YOUTH.

The Way a Girl Takes Her First Beau's Endearments.

There is something delightfully interesting in the coy, artless manner in which a rustic maiden repels the lover-like advances of her first beau. Her maidenly modesty is refreshing in these days of bold and forward maidens.

The following touching dialogue between a rural miss and a lovelorn swain was recently overheard:

He was evidently trying to commit the heinous crime of putting his arm around her, for she said, in a tone of keen reproach:

"La, Mose! ain't you 'shamed of your

Recent Literature.

"Familiar Studies of Men and Books," by Robert Louis Stevenson author, of "An Inland Voyage," "Treasure Island." "Strange case of Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde" etc., is published by Dodd, Mead & Co., N. Y. The book is made up of nine articles, which have appeared in different magazines, most of them, however, in the *Cornhill*. Some of the titles are "Victor Hugo's Romances;" "Some Aspects of Robert Burns;" "Walt Whitman;" "Thoreau, His Character and Opinions;" "Yoshida-Torajiro;" "Francois Villon, Student, Poet, and Housebreaker;" "Charles of Orleans;" "Samuel Pepys;" and "John Knox and Women." These essays have the peculiar characteristics of the author's style, and they will be found very interesting.

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, issue "In Old Virginia, or Marse Chan and Other Stories," by Thomas Nelson Page. A few years ago a young Richmond lawyer published in one of the magazines a story of Virginia life before and during the war, called "Marse Chan." This charming piece of work, which was characterized in a recent magazine article upon the literary movement in the South as "the most exquisite story of the war that has yet appeared," was followed by other stories—"Unc' Edinburg's Drowndin'," the humor of which is as delicious as the descriptions of the Christmas festivities are bright and picturesque; "Meh Lady," a war story that strikes a tender chord of feeling; "Ole Stracted," "No Hald Pawn," and "Polly," all of which are now published in a handsome volume.

The utterances of Henry Ward Beecher will not soon lose their power, and his recent death gives them added strength. It is for this reason that a book just issued by D. Appleton & Co., New York, entitled "Proverbs from Plymouth Pulpit," selected by William Drysdale and under revision by Mr. Beecher at the time of his death, will be very popular. One can hardly realize what a hold he was possessed of by this great preacher until he looks over these pithy sayings into which a world of meaning is compressed. It should be upon every book-table, to be taken up for perusal at odd moments.

From the same publishers comes "John Sevier, as a Commonwealth Builder," by James R. Gilmore (Edmund Kirke) the author of "The Rearguard of the Revolution," to which the present volume is a sequel. The history in which this remarkable man bears so prominent a part has been, the author says, prepared from materials collected with the utmost care, and from sources deemed reliable. In brings Sevier before the public in the light which is demanded by his career and the wonderful talents developed in its course. There can be no question as to the interest awakened by the narrative. The type of the book is exceedingly clear and it is well bound.

Harper Bros., New York, issue "Dawn," by H. Rider Haggard, the writer who has won such a wide popularity by his more recent works, entitled "King Solomon's Wives" and "She," both in an entirely different vein from the one now under consideration. This has little of the strain of Oriental mysticism that makes those so fascinating, although there is a strain of it towards the last, and is rather rambling in style, altogether showing less of dash and bold imagery and not as much finish of style. Yet the book will find many readers, and interested ones, for in spite of its faults, it has too many good things combined with its paternity, not to create a demand for its readers.

The same house also issues "The Flamingo Feather," by Kirk Munroe, author of "Wakulla," etc. The volume forms one of the series for young people from the Harpers, and is a fascinating story of adventure by a brave young French boy, the son of a French nobleman. Left an orphan, he was adopted as a son by an uncle who was a great navigator, and was even then fitting out an expedition to go to the New World. It was in 1564, and the story of their wanderings, of the dangers they passed through, and of all they saw, is full of fascination, and the boys will read it with pleasure.

"The John Spicer Lectures," by Mrs. A. M. Diaz, is the title of a little volume issued by D. Lothrop Company, Boston. The author is well known by her breezy writings for boys. This new book from her pen introduces Mr. John Spicer—"aged eight *and* one month"—as lecturer in the Barn Hall course, the only one older being Dick, the superintendent, aged nine. The subjects of the course include "Christmas Trees," "Knives," "Swapping," "Fourth of July," "Sneaks," "Crying," "Manners," "Money and Boys," and in every one of them, mingled with lots of fun, the author tries to instil some good, healthy lesson, and in such a way that it cannot help sticking.

In the "No Name Series," published by Roberts Brothers, Boston, is "Cracker Joe." The story opens with Joe himself, who has just sold a piece of property called the old Fenn house, to some people from the North, at the head of which is a man, an invalid, who has met with reverses in business, and this, combined with failing health, has driven him to seek a home in this far away Southern state of Florida. How the family prospered will be learned by reading the book.

Literary Notes.

Captain Charles King has written a paper for the July *Harper* on "Cadet Life at West Point."

A project is on foot for the establishment of a new literary weekly in Boston, to be called the *Twentieth Century*.

In the June *Wide Awake* Grace Denio Litchfield relates her experience at Mentone in the recent European earthquake.

The complete novel in *Lippincott's* for July will be "At Anchor," by Miss Julia Magruder, whose novel "Across the Chasm," won her an enviable reputation.

The Epoch of June 10th will contain an article by Prof. Richard A. Proctor on "The Star of Bethlehem," and one by Prof. J. Russell Soley on "The Resurrection of the United States Navy."

Joseph Kirkland, the author of the new novel of the West, "Zury," is the poet whose solution in rhyme of the "Lady and the Tiger" appeared in the *Century*. This new novel is his first work of fiction.

The author who writes under the name of "Philip Henry" will contribute to *Scribner's Magazine* for July a story of life at a Maine summer resort, entitled "Jemimy Bascom," which contains a novel and amusing motive.

A philological curiosity has been published in Russin for the use of Russians—a pocket glossary in one hundred languages. Of these seventy are spoken in the Russian empire itself, ten in Central Asia, ten in various Slavic states, and ten in other European countries.

The $494,000 which Mrs. Grant has received from the sale of her husband's work represents 75 per cent of the gross profits on the publication, which have thus far amounted to about $700,000. The gross receipts from the sale of the work have amounted to not far from $3,000,000.

Miss Amelie Rives, the author of that famous story "A Brother to Dragons," will have another story of old English life in the July number of *Lippincott's Magazine*, entitled "The Farrier Lass o' Piping Pebworth." Piping Pebworth, it will be remembered, was the village in which the scene of her former story was laid, and some of the same characters are introduced in the present tale.

Very few women distinguished in literature have found fame and fortune early in life. George Eliot was 38 when her first story was published; Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" appeared in the 39th year of her life; Elizabeth Browning was married at 37, and all her best work was done after that event. "H. H." became famous after she was 40 years of age, and Louise Alcott's first really good story was not published until she was over 37.

In *Scribner's Magazine* for July, Prof. D. A. Sargent, M. D., of Harvard college, who is perhaps the best authority in this country on the general subject of Athletics, will publish, as the fruit of many years' practical experience, his first extended article in that field, under the title "The Physical Proportions of the Typical Man." In it Prof. Sargent will give a standard of physical measurement, based on the measurements of ten thousand individuals.

For 6 Cents.

A sample copy of the St. Louis Magazine sent for 6 cents. Its various departments in point of brightness, diversity and timeliness, are far superior to any other American magazine, and we send it and the WEEKLY BLADE one year for $1.75. For club of both send money to either BLADE or Magazine. For sample copy of St. Louis Magazine, send to Alex DeMenil, 213 N Eighth street, St. Louis, Mo.

AWKWARD VANITY.

A Young San Francisco Widow Has Decollete Photographs Made.

Men set such value upon the beauty of women these times, that their sex must not be blamed if they sometimes grow extravagantly enamoured of their own charms. There lives upon Stockton street, not far from Clay, a very handsome and tolerably young blonde widow. Her face is of the true pink and white order, her skin is soft as velvet, her foot is arched, her ankle is perfection, and when these charms which are disclosed are so perfect, who can say to what degree of excellence the hidden graces approach? Evidently our widow believed that they were too rarely beautiful to be forever kept under cover, and, therefore, with all modesty, hit upon the following plan:

Among her female friends is one who has developed a great deal of taste in the line of amateur photography. She is a young girl, and is a well-known passenger on the Oakland & Berkeley trains, where she travels hither and thither with her camera, taking views for the enrichment of her album, and for those of her friends. To this artist the widow broached the delicate subject of having her photograph taken in a condition more decollete than is generally seen in society assemblies.

With true artistic enthusiasm the young lady consented, and the day was set for the posing. The photos were taken in three different attitudes. In one the fair widow, with her singularly long hair streaming down, was seen reclining on a couch. Her costume in this was very scant, indeed, as she was supposed to have just arisen from the bath. In another she was represented as kneeling. Here the hair streamed down her back also, and the costume was still more limited. In the third she was standing opposite a mirror, costume also painfully light.

The agreement was that two sets of pictures were to be developed, and that in the copies which the artist kept, the features of the sitter were to be blotted out. In the other pictures, which passed into the widow's possession, the features were to remain untouched. But unfortunately the artist, when on her way to drink tea with her patron, and carrying a small satchel with both sets of pictures therein, but the features unobliterated, got into conversation on the Clay-street car with a very gaby young man, and the young man's gab was so well sustained, that until the car drew up at the corner of Clay and Stockton the lady forgot her getting-off place. And, furthermore, she jumped off so hurriedly that she forgot her satchel.

Now it came to pass that the gabby young man found the satchel alongside of him, and not knowing to whom it belonged examined it for a clue. That was obtained in the photos. There was no name on them, but he thought that he recognized the face, and he satisfied me. I did at once, and advised him that the best way to get out of the scrape was to enclose the satchel anonymously to the widow's address. This he did. Meanwhile there were lamentations and rows and recriminations in the home of the fair relict of the dead candidate. Couriers sallied forth to hunt up the missing satchel. But the conductor knew nothing about it, and they were of course inconsolable. Upon their return they found that the satchel had been sent home by a messenger boy, and that it had been carefully wrapped up.

Some days afterwards I called with my friend, the gabby young man, at the widow's. She had not, of course, the least suspicion of the contents of the satchel, and she seemed so gloriously at ease that I could not resist the temptation of making her uncomfortable. Now, just above the fair widow's knee an immense mole, oddly shaped, showed up in one of the negatives. In the others she had posted so that it did not appear. I would have spared her, even at this last moment, but she proceeded to retail some very unnecessary, and, indeed, rather scandalous gossip about one of my most intimate friends.

"I am sure you are mistaken, Mrs. ——," I said; "that lady is always most discreet. Her husband is an old chum of mine, and I know they are devotedly attached to each other."

"That may be, Mr. Paul, but I saw her stepping out of a carriage opposite this restaurant. Now, if she was going to dine alone why should she attempt to disguise herself?" And the widow grinned maliciously. Here was my time.

"Perhaps," I whispered, "she may have had a mole on her left leg, and might have been to see a doctor to have it removed."

My shot hit the target fairly in the center. The widow turned white and then red, and looked mad enough to eat me. "What do you mean?" she said, with a forced laugh. "A mole, my dear Mr. Paul? Come, now, you must confess that it is an odd statement to make about a lady."

"I have seen one of the most ravishingly beautiful pictures I ever——" but I got no further. The widow's fair hand was laid gently across my mouth. "The gentleman is talking scandal and I am flopping him," she said explanatorily. Then she whispered: "Possibly I may have been mistaken about that restaurant business, Mr. Paul. Now I don't see any reason why you and I should not continue to be friends." I assured her that there was none, but I imagine that the choicest bit of resentment that lady could have had next morning would be the notices of my death in the obituary columns of the dailies.

A NOTED LIE.

Origin of the Saying, "And It Wasn't a Good Day for Ducks, Either."

In 1856, the year before the war, a party of Northern Illinois hunters got themselves to the lakes of Minnesota for an annual duck hunt of a few weeks, making the journey to St. Paul, which was at that time but little more than a frontier village, by a steamer from Dubuque, Ia. Among the party was a chap named Truax, a powerful liar, but a jolly, good-natured fellow withal, whose predominant weakness was leading a horse to water. It was not entirely overlooked by those who knew him well. Abe, that being his first name, seemed to struggle more restlessly and naturally with the truth when talking about his prowess as a hunter of game than on any other subject. One day, as the steamer was moving slowly through Lake Pepin, a number of the male passengers were seated forward on the boiler deck in little knots, passing the time away in conversation. Abe was a little figure in one of the groups, and had already astonished himself fairly by the whoppers he had successfully got off when the mission which himself and friends were out on, was adverted to.

"I've shot a few ducks in my time," broke in Abe, during a momentary lull in the talk.

"How many did you ever kill in one day?" queried a cross-eyed passenger from down about Burlington.

"You may not believe me, sir," replied Truax, "but in the fall of '57 I went out alone one morning about seven miles with my dog and gun and brought home 200 ducks by actual count, and it wasn't a very good day for ducks either!"

"You did that all alone in one trip?" asked the cross-eyed man as he put down some figures on an envelope with a pencil he had carelessly taken from his vest pocket.

"Yes, sir, I did," said Truax, with a tinge of ill humor to his tone.

"Those ducks would weigh about two and a half pounds apiece, wouldn't they?" casually remarked the Burlington man, as he kept on making characters with his pencil.

"I should say they would," remarked the unsuspecting Abe.

"Well, then," said the persistent querist, "you killed just 500 pounds of ducks; and if you can tell me how one man is able to lug that weight seven miles, and carry a gun at the same time, you can do something that no other liar in the Northwest can match."

Abe reflected a minute, and with "That's a whopper, isn't it, gentlemen?" he invited the whole party into the bar to take something at his expense.

The remark, "And it wasn't a good day for ducks, either," was used banteringly on Truax during the remainder of the trip, and in time it became common on the Mississippi, whence it spread until it became one of the proverbial Americanisms of the time.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

The Mission of the Bumble Bee.

An Indiana farmer, who told his boys to burn every bumble bee's nest they found on the farm, and who was complaining at the failure of his clover seed crop, was surprised when Maurice Thompson, the naturalist, said: "That is why your clover seed fails you. Bumble bees make your clover seed." It is a fact that a strong nest of bumble bees in a big clover field is worth $20 to the owner; for these insects are the chief agents in fertilizing the blossoms, thereby insuring a heavy croop of seed. In Australia there are no bumble bees of our kind, and they could not raise clover seed there until they imported some.

"Blood Will Tell."

Yes, the old adage is right, but if the liver is disordered and the blood becomes thereby corrupted, the blood "blood will tell" in diseases of the skin and throat, in tumors and ulcers, and in tubercles in the lungs (first stages of consumption) even although the subject be descended in a straight line from Richard Coeur de Lion, or the noblest Roman of them all. For setting the liver in order no other medicine in the world equals Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Try it, and your "blood will tell" the story of its wonderful efficacy.

"OFF WITH HIS HEAD."

An Interview with Chinese High Executioners in Canton.

During our wanderings in the city, says the Canton correspondent of the London *Pall Mall Gazette*, our ears were assailed with the Cathay synonym of the Egyptian bakseesh cry, till the caverns of our brains resounded and echoed with it. "Cumshaw! cumshaw!" yelled immature possessors of pigtails, and mature possessors echoed the sound wherever we went. When these youngsters' requests were not complied with, they afer a little invariably changed their cry to "Fanqua! fanqui!" (foreign devil, foreign devil.) We marched into the magisterial yamun to the accompaniment of the cumshaw tune. Here we were shown the instruments whereby the bamboo chow chow is given to the nadal calosities of the wicked; also rattans and short bludgeons for shipping the faces of untruthful witnesses;

THUMB-SCREWS AND RACKS

for exacting confessions (no criminal can be executed, according to the laws of China, until he has confessed his crime), canquis, a species of collar which for largeness and uncomfortableness even outstrip the mashers', and which are rectangular planes of wood with neck and hand holes. The gloomy, small depository room of these torture implements we thought to be a fair representation of what a European mediæval chamber of "justice" has been. We were next taken in our sedan chair through an overcrowded, busy part of the city to the execution ground, passing on our way the new Roman Catholic cathedral, whose gigantic spire overlooks the execution ground we found to be a small inclosed rectangular space, about 15 yards by 50, entered by a gate. On the right on entering ran a row of small squalid houses, the habitation of potters, whose rough, unbaked work lay all about the ground drying in the sun, but we were informed that it was cleared away whenever an execution was about to take place. Facing the potters' houses was a high wall, at whose base and leaning against it were some large crocks, all of which had their mouth earthed over except one. Here our guide introduced us to three poorly-dressed Chinamen, whom we noticed gambling at a fan tan table near the door on our arrival. One, a big, brutish-looking fellow with a villainous cast in one of his eyes, was the head executioner, and the other two, who were smallish men, were his assistants. Through our guide we told the head executioner that we wished to see the instruments of his calling, and thereon he produced a short, very heavy two-handed sword and a long knife. The following conversation was carried on between us and this "boss" through the medium of our guide:

"HOW DO YOU USE THIS SWORD?

Where is the block?"

"We don't use a block. What we do is to make the prisoners kneel down in two rows facing one another, and bending their heads down. Then I take the sword, and chop, chop, one on each side, and the heads fall off; so on, till they're all done, as you would swich the top of green weeds with your walking-stick."

"But you don't always chop a head off with one cut?"

"Always."

"What is the knife for?"—"For the ling che, or death by many cuts. We tie the culprit who is condemned to his death to that cross there (pointing to two rough unbarked sticks roughly crossed), and we begin by cutting off the eyelids, ears, nose, and so on, ending by sticking the knife into the heart. The cuts vary in number from eight to a hundred and twenty, according to the heinousness of the culprit's crimes."

"What class of criminals are condemned to the ling che?"

"Parricides, matricides, and women who have killed and mutilated their husbands form the majority."

"Do the executions interfere with your appetite and sleep?"

The three executioners grinned sardonically at this question, so we asked:

"How many persons have you executed in a day?"

"I have chopped twenty heads off myself in two minutes. See that dark-looking place on the ground over there—that's caused by the blood of the last batch we had."

"What is done with the bodies?"

"The friends take the bodies away, but we keep the heads in the crocks over by the wall there, and when we have a large number which are no longer recognizable we bury them. Would you like to see some of the heads?"

We declined, and one of my companions began to grow pale and complain of not feeling well, so we ordered the guide to lead us away.

"Gentlemen, give twenty cents each, cumshaw, to the executioners," said the guide, which we gladly did, and escape from the staring of the "boss" butcher's evil eye; and so ended our interview with these high executioners of the great Chinese empire.

Why Some Farmers' Sons Hate Farming

If farmers would make their sons detest farming and lay their plans for leaving the old homestead at the first opportunity, says the *New England Farmer*, let them keep their boys out in the rain, as we saw a farmer doing the other day, leading a horse to plow. It was a cold, dreary day, and late in the afternoon. The "team" was a single horse, the plow a jointer, a rusty affair that was probably left out all winter, the land was weedy and wet, and by no means easy to work. The boy was barefooted and scarcely more than a dozen years old, and ought to have been in school.

The father could have guided his horse with a pair of lines just as well as the boy could lead, and probably much better than with his single short bridle strap, scarcely long enough to allow the boy to keep from under the horse's feet when coming around the corners. A boy generally knows when his work is useful, paying work, as when riding a horse to cultivate the crops, but in the plain work of plowing it must seem like labor thrown away to do at a disadvantage what a man could better do with the lines under his own control. The farmer who requires man or boy to drive one or two horses while he holds the plow will, as a rule, find it cheaper to buy his corn than to raise it.

It is an old proverb, "He who by the plow would thrive, himself must either hold or drive," and may once have been a wise saying, but now the farmer who would make farming pay as an occupation should pay, must both hold and drive when he takes his team afield to turn the mellow soil. Farmers' boys, and all other boys, should learn to work; but they should feel when at work that their labor is worth something, that they are really earning part of their living. Leading an old horse or driving a pair of lazy oxen to plow, with the belief that the man who holds could do both just as well, is not very improving to a boy. He might just as well go a-fishing, even though he catches nothing. His life would then seem worth living.

A Curious Race of Dwarfs.

Prof. Marapta has made a remarkable anthropological discovery in the valley of Ribas, in the Eastern Pyrenees. In that district he found numerous groups of persons who are named by the other inhabitants "Nanos" (the dwarfs), and who never attained to a greater tallness than four feet. They are well built in body, have exceedingly small hands and feet, and are broad in the shoulders. All have red hair. Their cheek bones are prominent; their chins are square and large. The eyes have the slant tendency of the Chinese. The men are beardless, or they have at the most only a few soft hairs on the chin. The face is full, the skin pale and loose; it looks as if it had no muscles beneath it. The men and women look like each other that only their dress betrays their sex. Many of them have swollen necks, goitre-like, but this is possibly to be attributed to the water.

The Nanos are constantly objects of the taunt and ridicule of the other inhabitants of the vale. They live as a separate people, marry only among themselves, so that the race is preserved unique. Their intelligence is very low. They have no schooling, no means of bettering their existence, no one cumbers himself about them, and they lead a miserable existence. "Many of them whom I questioned," says Prof. Marapta, "could not even tell me where they lived. They had no conception of arithmetic. They were amiable in their manners and seemed quite willing to learn something."

—The correct way is to buy goods from the manufacturer when possible. The Elkhart Carriage and Harness Co., of Elkhart, Indiana, have no agents. They make first-class goods, ship anywhere, privilege to examine. See advertisement.

Fond of the Vegetable.

A young physician of small practice noticed a man buying some cucumbers, and he followed him home and waited outside for developments.

Four hours later the front door opened and the man came hastily down the steps.

"Want a doctor?" gasped the impecunious physician.

"No," responded the man. "I'm going around to the grocer's for some cucumbers."

—Bryant & Stratton's College, Buffalo, N. Y., gives instruction *at home* by mail in Book-keeping, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Shorthand, etc. Send for circular.

WOMAN'S DRESS.

Much that is Sensible, Nothing Radical, in the Promotion of a Desirable Reform.

Corsets tightly laced (and if not laced they are useless) compress the organs and force them down out of their place, and high heels throw the pelvis off its base, causing congestion of important organs, backache and weakness of the kidneys; it it also affects the spine and back of the head. There used to be much said about tight lacing causing compression of the respiratory organs, and so causing inflammation; but the far greater danger to the organs situated in the abdomen was scarcely alluded to.

Tight shoes effect the circulation and the nerves, but are no worse than tight gloves, tight sleeves, or in fact anything tight that is worn. Whatever compresses causes congestion of the part affected, and is, of course, hurtful. Of late years the cases of death in childbirth have largely increased, and nothing has been a more potent agent in this increase than the modern manner of dressing. Many a society belle who hates to lay down her sceptre and retire to the ranks of semi-invalidism entailed by her condition, strives to conceal it by lacing and other injurious devices until it is no longer possible, and when her child is born, she finds to her cost that her health has been irretrievably ruined.

The weight of the clothing bearing on the hips is especially harmful, as it contracts the pelvis and throws it out of place. Young girls are more especially the victims of this abuse. While growing they should have all their organs and limbs unrestrained, whereas in nine cases out of ten the exact reverse is true. The old fashioned corset, with its broad, rounded bone, and the old-fashioned skirt (for there was only one) could hurt nobody; but the modern corset, with its steels in front that give with every motion of the body and compress those organs that should be free, and the mass of heavy skirts all pulling on the hips, are a terrible drain on even the healthiest constitution.

I am a strong advocate of the health-waists, of which there are so many now in the market. The advantage these have over the corset is that the weight is borne by a broad shoulder-strap and the garment buttons round the waist. I have worn it myself for a number of years and would not be without it for anything. Whenever I am called to a patient suffering from any form of uterine trouble, I begin by asking her to discard her corset and wear one of the health-waists instead. If she refuses, I have nothing to do with the case.

There is another folly which women indulge in, which is not only injurious to their health, but is, in my opinion, indecent. I allude to the dress known as full evening dress—low neck, bare arms, etc. The neck is cut so low that the lungs are exposed, back and front, the arms display the barest apology for a sleeve, in the way of a lace ruffle. Some like trifle is worn round the arm-eye, leaving the armpit exposed to every draught. If the husband of a woman who dresses so were to propose to go to his club or elsewhere dressed in a similar manner, she would be the first to be horrified and predict pneumonia. And not only is it an almost certain way of contracting a severe cold, if nothing worse, but I cannot see how a woman, supposed to be a modest, pure being, can face a large assemblage, *nude* clothed after this fashion.

If we would have our women healthy, let us begin with the children. Let the little girls go free the same as our boys. There is no reason, physiologically speaking, why it should be any more difficult for a girl to go up stairs than a boy, and yet after a few years we hear of the stairs as a hurtful element in daily living. It is not the stairs, it is her dress which trammels her and weighs her down. Make her dress as loose as the clothing of boys, and she will go up and down stairs just as quickly and easily as her brother.—*Eliza De La Vergne, M. D., in the Epoch.*

THE GAMBLING MANIA.

Taking The Small Boy's Little Pile.

"Now, gents, putcher money down. I'll pay either way, under or over seven, and three times for the seven. Putcher money down. All down? Well, under seven wins," or, "its my turn now, an' I rake it in."

Pushing into this Sabbath gathering you find that the gentleman with the brassy face stands in front of a strip of oilcloth, bearing a number of figures and lines, stretched on a board resting on the top of an inverted barrel. The "dealer" has his left hand full of small change, and in his right rattles dice in a leathern box. A boy about twelve years of age stands on his left and a great hulking fellow on his right. These are the two chief gamblers, though others now and then place a nickel or a dime on the board to await the turn of the dice. The little boy wins and the hulking fellow curses; then the little boy loses and his opponent chuckles and boasts. Again the little boy changes his tactics and drops the nickels on the "7" time after time, only winning very occasionally. His soiled little fingers indicate that he is a boy who works six days a week. His hand trembles every time his fingers slip into his vest pocket. At last, however, he was "broke," as he said, and appealed to a bigger boy to "loan us a quarter, Billy." Billy refused, and the child gambler edged out and lit a cigarette with all the feigned coolness of an experienced gamester. But his little lips were very white and his hand shook.

"How much did you lose, bub?" he was asked.

"Oh, only 'bout sixty cents."

"And you haven't got any more?"

"Naw."

"Have to work for it?"

Blank stare. "Course."

"Do you ever win?"

Say so. Come out 'bout four an' a arf ahead las' year."

"How old are you?"

"Fif—— whatcher wanter know fur?" Then he walked off toward Third avenue. The above is a fairly typical case. Men with "sweatboards" may be found surrounded by boys and youths at every town between the city line and Dyker's beach, about a mile beyond Fort Hamilton. In one case a seven-dollar fashionably dressed, had a "lay out" rigged up on an old fish basket right under one of Uncle Sam's guns on the fort. The sentry walked to and fro solemnly and majestically above, occasionally stopping for a moment or two, and looking down to see how the game progressed.—*New York Herald.*

Something of New England Resignation.

A certain passage in Job is frequently cited as supreme expression of faith and resignation: "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." It may be owing to a somewhat stiff and incorrigible spirit that I am never content to let the quotation rest at this point in the passage (as it is commonly cited), but insist upon the entire text: "Though he slay me, yet will I trust him; but I will maintain my own ways before him." Though it may savor of irreverence, I am bound to say that it has always seemed to me that the Almighty could not but approve this resolute and courageous attitude of his servant Job. I may add, moreover, that Job's bold avowal was recently paralleled in the reported prayer of an aged New England old friend of the writer. This friend is a rosy-cheeked, clear-minded octogenarian, erect and energetic both in physical and mental habit—an off-shoot of New England's sages. His usual excellent health being impaired by a slight cold, and patience in petty details of affliction not being among his virtues, he achieved a few mornings since the following remarkable grace: "Oh Lord, make us thankful for that treasure of health, though very limited, which Thou hast bestowed upon us!" The effect of this invocation upon those gathered at the table is easily imagined. How it was received elsewhere, I should not be disposed to question.—*Contributors' Club—June Atlantic.*

The Proud Mother.

Not only do the descendants of Americans who came over in the Mayflower or those who signed the Declaration of Independence prize themselves on their descent, but members of families that have live respectable and unknown are quite satisfied as to the high social position of themselves and their ancestors. The bearer of an illustrious surname quite properly looks upon the record of some local achievement, rather than the name's world-wide significance, as the source of worldly pride. In Rhode Island the surname Lauffer is very common. Some years ago the mother of a promising young Luther was exhibiting the child's accomplishments for the edification of the newly settled pastor.

"And what is the name of your little boy, Mrs. Luther?" asked the clergyman.

"Erasmus sir," said the mother.

"Erasmus Luther! Your son should have a brilliant future, for his name combines the names of two men of genius."

"Yes," said the gratified mother, "we named him after his uncle 'Rasmus; he was Selectman for ten years up to Cumberland."—*Boston Transcript.*

A Hope Realized.

To cure the sick without the use of noxious drugs that often derange every portion of the human organism has been the problem for several generations of practitioners. This hope has found a realization in the use of Drs. Starkey & Palen's Compound Oxygen, which can be administered almost anywhere, and already has a place in more than thirty-seven thousand families throughout this land. A valuable treatise on the subject, and the method of home treatment will be sent free to any one interested in the subject. Address Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1529 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

OUR WEEKLY SALAD.

A new era in the fashionable hair-dressing of belles has arisen and there is trouble. The short-hair fancy is said to be dying out, and now the brains of the fair ones are consigned to discover how to make locks four inches long do the duty of those of twelve or twenty. In the larger cities the hair dressers who can accomplish this feat successfully are making fortunes, proving the truth of the old saw, that it is an ill wind that blows nobody good. It is a pity, though, for the sex, that short hair cannot be a general fashion that knows no change, except, it may be, in the wearing which no utilitarian ideas can persuade the majority of women to do without permanently.

SPEARING of hair, a London paper reports a revival there of the old fashion of powdering the locks for full-dress occasions. It does not seem probable that, in these days, when the tendency is towards simplicity in dress, that any general return will be made to this custom. Besides its artificiality, there is also a sanitary objection. Put on loosely and the surrounding air would be filled with the floating particles of dust, and in a fashionable audience this would be exceedingly harmful, as well as disagreeable. To prevent this the old custom of oiling the hair first, in order to make the powder stick, would have to be resorted to, and it can easily be imagined that a state of filth would in most cases be the result. No, no return to powder for sensible women in this day and generation.

OVER on the Pacific coast, according to a San Francisco paper, they have a new wrinkle in regard to the giving of keepsakes to a lover. Sentiment must have expression in some form, and it has run through a great variety of modes. No longer does the maiden wear in her bosom the locket containing the features of the beloved one, and no longer does he purport a watch-chain out of which the touching of a spring will cause her face to spring forth to meet his loving gaze. In like manner the exchange of rings is largely done away with, though the magnificent diamond still appeals to the fashionable heart. Tiny plaits of hair in rings and lockets have ceased to be the silent reminders of love, nor are bracelets and watch guards woven of the locks that erstwhile reposed upon the head of the dear one. What are they doing in the Golden State for sentiment's sake? Just this. Cutting the eyes out of a sweetheart's photograph and pasting them anywhere where it can be kept in view. They betray no secret to the cold world and yet speak eloquently to the lover. How is that?

IT is curious to see how, with the advent of the hot weather, the flitting fever rages. Those who do not take themselves away to other scenes are of the exceptions, and most of them belong to the class whose aspirations for a change are suppressed by a lack of means. Now and then is found a woman who believes the comforts of home outweigh those at the summer watering-places, and she puts off her "flitting" until the weather is cooler, and traveling less of a burden. A long ride upon the cars, even with all of the modern arrangements for comfort, on a day when the mercury mounted is ranging in the eighties is a trying thing, and in this country of magnificent distances, it is hard to reach the coveted resting place without it. Nevertheless the majority brave the suffering for the pleasure which they expect will come after.

THE following lines headed "He Didn't Understand a Woman," demonstrates that the writer was an individual of acute observation:

He tried to steal a kiss from pouting lips,
As sweet and fair
As roses from which the wild bee sips
His nectar rare.

The maiden blushed, and coyly turned her head
From him away,
And though she neither struggled, frowned nor, cried,
Nor said him nay,

Nor showed a disposition to resist
The chance he had;
He backward drew and straightway did desist
And she was mad.

So, too, with this, which follows immediately after with the significant heading, "He Did:"

The maiden sat so near my arm,
Around her waist I threw it,
And then, not meaning any harm,
I kissed her e'er she knew it.

She threw an angry glance at me,
Her face grew red, and then
She frowned and said, "I'd like to see
You just try that again!"

"Why, certainly, sweet maid," I said.
I did—could I be blamed?
This time she only blushed and said,
"You ought to be ashamed!"

TAKEN as a whole the summer flitting is a good thing. Both physically and mentally people are better for a change in air and surroundings, no matter how pleasant home may be. It is a pity that so many whose need of this freshening of body and mind is so imperative, are deprived of the opportunity. Yet the benefits in a community at the west and north are coming to be so well understood, that there are few places of any size now which do not spend time and money in creating places where they can be had almost without price. And the result will be seen in the future, in a cleaner morality, and a physically stronger generation. There is absolutely no human body who can work on through months and years, the monotony of toil unvaried by rest and change, without rusting in their places, both mind and body losing vigor, and life's purposes weakened. Everybody needs a vacation.

Making Money.

Some people can hardly make a living, and some lay up money. Why is it? Into a village of a few hundred inhabitants a young man came, and was employed as a clerk in the store, he lived there 50 years and laid up $100,000. Other men worked as hard but did not lay up any money.

Near the village was a beautiful farm. The owner of it had it from his father. He did not drink nor gamble, and yet he could not make a living, and so borrowed money, and to secure it gave a mortgage on the farm. In a few years his farm was sold, and he was obliged to move away.

A Scotchman, with but little money and a large family, passed by and saw the house was vacant and struck a bargain with the owner. He began to work, to save and to pay, in ten or twelve years he was the entire owner. Then he went on and laid up money, and now is a rich man.

Making money is an art. Working and saving is the root of obtaining money. If you take a dollar and send it out at 6 per cent. interest it will double itself in sixteen years. If you make a dollar and buy something with it and then sell at a profit, and keep on doing so, you increase your capital.

The Remarkable Cures

Which have been effected by Hood's Sarsaparilla are sufficient proof that this medicine does possess peculiar curative power. In the severest cases of scrofula or salt rheum, when other preparations had been powerless, the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla has brought about the happiest results. The case of Miss Sarah C. Whittier, of Lowell, Mass., who suffered terribly from scrofulous sores; that of Charles A. Roberts, of East Wilson, N. Y., who had thirteen abscesses on his face and neck; that of Willie Duff, of Walpole, Mass., who had hip disease and scrofula so bad that physicians said he could not recover, are a few of the many instances in which wonderful cures were effected by this medicine.

"Died Like a Gentleman."

One of the most interesting incidents of the late war is that told of General Lytle just before he received his fatal wound at Chicamauga. He had made his brilliant charge in the midst of the enemy, where all chances of retreat were cut off. Suddenly he thrust his hand into his vest pocket, drew forth a pair of kid gloves and began putting them on. Asked by an aide the reason for this movement, so unexpected under such thrilling circumstances, the General answered: "Don't you see we are surrounded and that there are but two alternatives left us—to die or surrender? For my part I propose to die like a gentleman!" He drew on his gloves and soon after fell. Those who knew General Lytle in Cincinnati knew him to almost punctilious about the appointments of a gentleman, and no one ever supposed him capable of such incomparable coolness.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contribution will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

A Couple of Splinters.

George O. Ransom Post, G. A. R., of Rimaurdale, Kan., has passed resolutions condemnatory of the President's action in vetoing the soldiers' dependent pension bill. The resolutions are strong enough to stand alone, and are bitter in their denunciation of Veto Grover.

M. Chandler, Pike county, Mo., writes: Perhaps there are some who would like to hear from this part of the line. I will give a brief sketch, as I was one among the boys that went out in '62 with the 79th Indiana volunteers, company I, and staid there until the war was over. I was a Republican and still remain one, and agree with the BLADE on the prohibition question. I am opposed to Cleveland and his mugwumpians.

A Sketch of Army Life.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—After Hood had been defeated at Nashville in 1864, I was among the guard that accompanied some prisoners to Louisville, Ky., en route for Johnson's Island. In conversation with one of them, he said: "The thinking people of the South are now satisfied that we acted too hastily. Our Representatives ought to have retained their places in Congress. If Lincoln wronged us we should have appealed to Congress. Failing there, we should have applied to the Supreme court, and if every peaceable means failed, then resort to arms. By doing so we should have had more respect for our cause, both at home and abroad. We are now looked upon as rebels, contending for rights that have not been violated and possibly would not have been.

"I think if you had waited for the administration to 'wrong you,' I replied, 'we would have had to wait a long time. I have very much confidence in Lincoln."

He replied: "It is likely you may be correct. We have evidently been misinformed by our papers. It was taught and believed that Lincoln could not possibly be re-elected, but I find that he is unanimously popular in the North, and we may have to submit to him."

During our talk he alluded to a speech that Davis made to the soldiers, in which he encouraged them to be true and faithful, and not to think of any terms except independence. We hoped at least that a change in the United States administration would have given us better terms than Lincoln was ever willing to grant. In reply to a question, he said: "I think our soldiers are more inclined to trust in the Lord than yours are.

"There are many prayers going up in behalf of our cause, and," he added, with deep emotion, "this is one great reason I have to hope we'll obtain our independence." After a pause he added: "I feel assured that the destinies of men and of nations are in the hands of God; that He rules in wisdom and that the right will always eventually triumph over wrong." I remarked: "You feel then that you can accept the result of the war, whatever it may be, and cheerfully abide by it?" He added emphatically, "Indeed I will." Being detained by a broken ear our rations gave out with us, while we compared their situation with starving Union soldiers. Another checked him: "There is no occasion for comparison," said he. "This is the result of an accident—nobody to blame. We are all destitute, all hungry. If the guards had plenty to eat and we were starving, there would then be occasion to complain. As it is, there is none. The objector was silenced. One of the prisoners handed me a dollar to get him victuals. I entered a house, stated our mis

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but, when specially requested, same will not be published.

2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.

3. Communications for this department must be written on a separate sheet, directed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argue it. If we can answer it and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the "next issue." The Question Bureau is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.

4. This department is not intended to settle party disputes or decide bets. Replies to questions are intended to be of general interest, and no one has the right to DEMAND a reply. Do not request an answer by mail.

5. No question will receive the SLIGHTEST attention unless the first and third rules above are STRICTLY complied with.

The English Parliament.

W. H. E., Hillsboro, Ill.:

1. How does the English Parliament differ from the United States Congress? 2. Describe the process of making a law in England.

1. The English Parliament differs greatly. The legislature of the United Kingdom, and all its colonies and foreign possessions; but, in the ordinary course of government, it does not legislate directly for the colonies, that being more generally left to the colonial Governor and local legislatures. There are no limits to the power of Parliament in making or altering the laws, or in governing the empire. The constitution has assigned it no limits to its authority; but, in familiar language, we may say that there are some subjects upon which Parliament has no right to legislate. The summoning and dissolution of a Parliament, as well as the calling and adjourning of it from time to time, are among the prerogatives of the crown. When a new Parliament is to be summoned, the lord chancellor receives a written warrant from the sovereign in council to that effect, and directs the clerk of the crown in chancery to issue writs to the several districts. The demise of the crown is the only contingency upon which parliament is required to meet without being summoned by the Crown. At the commencement of each session the sovereign delivers a speech, either in person or by commissioners, declaring the causes for which they are summoned; and until this is done [illegible] cannot proceed to the despatch of business. The sovereign may also prorogue parliament at any time, when not only are the sittings at an end, but all proceedings pending at the time are quashed, except impeachments by the Commons, and writs of error or appeals before the House of Lords. Every bill must be renewed after a prorogation, as if it had never been introduced, though the prorogation be for no more than a single day. Parliament is solely in the power of each house, respectively. By the Septennial act, parliament ceases to exist after seven years from the day on which, by the writ of summons, it was appointed to meet; but the crown may at any time dissolve it sooner. The usual form is by proclamation under the great seal, after having been prorogued to a certain day. The first duty of a new parliament is the choice of a speaker of the House of Commons. When the royal speech has been read an address in answer to it is moved in both houses; two members in each house being selected by the administration for moving and seconding the address, who appear in their places in uniform or full dress for that purpose. The duties of the office of speaker are few and unimportant, except those connected with the putting of questions to the house. He has no right to enforce order, and is invested with no more authority than any other member; and if not himself a member (as is sometimes the case), his duties are limited to the putting of questions and other formal proceedings. He cannot adjourn the house. A chairman of committees is laborious and highly responsible officer is appointed for each session. He has the superintendence of all the processure in private bills, and the function of checking all irregularities and undue practices by their promoters. The proceedings of Parliament are regulated chiefly by ancient usage, or by the settled practice of modern times, apart from limited statutory enactments, and by standing orders, which proceedings are regulated are divided into standing orders, sessional orders, orders or resolutions undetermined in regard to their permanence. Standing orders are for the most part public enactments, and remain in force having been agreed to at various times, and if not vacated or repealed, endure from one parliament to another, and are of equal force in all. Sessional orders cease with the commencement of each session, and are not intended to endure beyond that period. The operation of orders or resolutions of either house, of which the duration is undetermined, is not settled upon any general principle, but many of them are practically held good in succeeding sessions and by different parliaments, without any formal renewal or repetition. Every member of parliament is obliged by the constitution to attend the service of the house to which he belongs, though on ordinary occasions this is not enforced by any regulation; but when any special business is to be considered, means are taken to secure their presence.

After being duly returned, a member cannot relinquish his seat; and in order to evade this restriction, a member who wishes to retire vacates his seat by accepting office under the crown, chiefly those stewardship or bailiffship of the "Chiltern Hundreds," which are nominally given to any member who applies for them. Parliament meets annually, generally in the month of February, but sometimes for a short session, if necessary, before the usual time of the year. The Lords usually meet for the despatch of legislative business at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and the Commons at a quarter before four, except on Wednesdays, and on other days especially appointed for morning sittings. The upper house may proceed with business if only three lords be present, but the Commons require 40 members, including the speaker, to enable them to proceed. Every matter is determined in both houses upon questions put to the speaker, and resolved in the affirmative or negative, as the case may be. In the House of Lords, a peer addresses his speech "to the right honorable the lords in general;" in the Commons, a member addresses the speaker. When a member speaks, it must be to some question before the house, or as introducing a question. No member is entitled to speak twice to the same question except the mover of a motion, who is permitted to reply to those who have supported any amendment on it before it is put to the vote, or when the house is in committee on the bill. When all the preliminary debates are disposed of, the question is put, then read by the speaker, who in the lords says: "As many as are of that opinion say 'Content,'" and as many as are of a contrary opinion say "Not Content;" and in the commons, "as many as are of that opinion say 'Aye,' and as many as are of the contrary opinion say "No." The speaker then declares it as his opinion that the "contents" or "ayes," or the "not contents" or "noes" have it. If the house is not satisfied in this decision, the question is settled; but if the minority dispute the fact, the house then proceeds to a division. In the Lords, the speaker votes with the other peers, and has no casting vote in their house. In case of equality, the question being declared in the negative; but in the Commons, the Speaker who has no vote otherwise, in the case of equality has a casting vote, which is usually given so as not to make the decision of the House final. As a general rule, bills may originate in either house, but the exclusive right of the House of Commons to grant supplies, and to impose and appropriate all taxes upon the people, make it necessary to introduce by far the greater proportion of bills in that house.

In the Lords, any peer is at liberty to present a bill and to have it laid upon the table; but in the Commons a member must first move for leave to bring in his bill; and if the motion be agreed to, the bill is ordered to be brought in by the mover and seconder. Certain classes of bills require to originate in a committee of the whole house; as those relating to religion or trade, etc. The second reading of the bill is regarded as the most important stage through which a bill has to pass. Its whole principle is then discussed, and is affirmed or denied by a vote of the house. When a bill has passed the second reading, the next question is "That this bill be committed," which is rarely opposed. On the third reading the judgment of the House is expressed upon the entire bill as amended; and after the third reading, the question usually is, "That this bill do pass." After a bill has passed one house, the next step is to communicate it to the other. If a bill which has passed the Commons is agreed to by the Lords without amendment, they do not return the bill; but if amended they return the bill for their concurrence. Every bill received by the Commons from the Lords is returned, whether amended or not, as they have the exclusive custody of bills prior to the royal assent. When bills have been finally agreed to by both houses, they only await the royal assent to become law; and from that sanction they cannot legally be withheld. Private bills differ from public in that their effect only a portion of the community; and hence the mode of dealing with them is somewhat different. Apart from their legislative functions, the Lords exercise judicial functions of various kinds; as in the trial of peers, and of all the peerage and officers of honor, under reference from the crown. In addition to these, they have a general judicature, as a supreme court of appeal from other courts of justice.

The Wicklifites.

A. C. H., Oceonomowoc, Wis.:

Will the BLADE please inform a reader who the "Wicklifites" were, and what they done?

Dr. John Wicklif was born near Richmond, in Yorkshire, in 1324, and graduated at Oxford College, Oxford, where he long resided, and acquired the reputation of extraordinary talents, piety and scholarship. In 1361 he was chosen master of Balliol College, and the same year was presented with the rectory of Fylingham, in Lincolnshire. In 1368 he received his doctor's degree and the appointment of professor of theology in the university. From this date his public activity as a reformer begins—nine years earlier than the common date of his appointment as given by James, Le Bas, and even by Dr. Vaughn; but it has been fixed by Mr. Shirley. From 1363 to the last days of 1384, the year of his death, in the reigns of Edward III. and Richard II. the reforming labors of Wicklife were incessant; by his university lectures, his numerous publications, his personal preaching, his employment of a large body of poor and unbeneficed men, under the name of "simple Priests," to preach in all the villages of the kingdom, and, last by the most important labor of his life, the translation of the whole Bible into the English tongue. This last has been pronounced the greatest work in Anglo-Saxon history. True the modern power of the press was then unknown, but he was years surrounded by a body of active copyists and illuminists, through whom his writings and translations were widely diffused, notwithstanding all the efforts of his enemies. He never formally left the church of Rome, but such was his unsparing exposure of her errors and corruptions, as his mind advanced in the knowledge and experience of truth, that he was repeatedly declared a heretic by the clergy and the Pope, and would have been sacrificed as a martyr but for his powerful friends at court, and other providential interposition. As it was he was driven from the University early in 1382, and spent the last three years of his life in his rectory at Lutterworth, where his translations of the Bible and the best of his writings as a reformer were produced. Such was the resistless influence of these, not only in England, where it is said that half the nation embraced his views but on the Continent, in Germany and Bohemia, that the bigotted Council of Constance, in 1415, condemned not only his books, but ordered his very bones to be dug up and publicly burned to ashes, a sentence executed in 1428. But in vain did his enemies, tho Romish clergy, thus wish to the memory of the Holy dead, for, as Fuller observes, "they could not shovel his ashes into the Avon, the Avon in the Severn, the Severn into the Narrow seas, they into the main ocean. And thus they are the emblems of his doctrine, which is now dispersed all the world over." As Wicklife's reformatory opinions were progressive, and never, perhaps, attained to an entire freedom from Romish errors, it has often been asked upon what ground Mr. Crosby claims him as a Baptist. It is claimed, however, that, first, Wicklife adopted general principles which tend to Baptist views, such as the sufficiency and supremacy of the scriptures, the right of all men to read them, and that no doctrine not sanctioned by the word of God could be received into the church. "Wise men" said he, "leave that as impertinent which is not expressed in the scripture." Secondly, he was educated by Catholics with the denial of infant baptism. Thirdly, it is said that how far Wicklife embraced the sentiments of the Baptists and diffused them through Europe.

Cleveland's Vetoes.

Mrs. J. L. B, Antelope Cal.:

1. Who is now Vice-President of the United States?

2. How many bills has President Cleveland vetoed during his administration?

1. The Senate and House. The president pro tem. of the Senate acts.

2. Of the bills vetoed by the President forty were Senate bills, eleven being of a public and 29 of a private nature; 93 were house bills, including 77 private and six public bills. The most important bill of general interest killed by vetoes were the following: To viset the titles of settlers on the Des Moines river lands (passed over the veto in the Senate, but failed of a two-thirds vote-Birds in the House; for the erection of public buildings at Zanesville, Ohio; Lafayette, Ind.; Sioux City, Iowa; and Lynn, Mass.; to induce the Champlain between North Hero and Alburg, Vt.; to extend the provisions of the immediate transportation act to Omaha, Neb.; for the promotion of anatomical science and to prevent the desecration of graves; to make Springfield, Mass., a port of delivery, and to grant railroads right of way through the Indian reservation in Northern Montana. There were about 50 other bills that failed to become laws on account of this "pocket veto." The more important ones are: The river and harbor bill; relative to the promotions in the Medical corps, United States army; to prevent the employment of convict and alien labor on public works; to open to settlement the public land strip south of Kansas; for the construction of Federal buildings at Monroe, Mo., Saginaw, Mich., and Annapolis, Md.; the O'Neill labor arbitration bill, for the settlement of controversies between the Southern railroads and their employes; the bill to annex a part of Idaho to Washington territory; the bill for printing the maps of the General Land office, and a number of private relief bills.

Pensions—Public Lands—Patents.

Readers of the BLADE who desire special information regarding pensions, instead of inquiring through the Question Bureau, should write directly to Hon. John C. Black, commissioner of pensions, Washington, D. C.; for public lands information, to Hon. Wm. A. J. Sparks, commissioner of the general land office, Washington, D. C.; and for patents to Hon. B. J. Hall, commissioner of the patent office, Washington, D. C.

Miscellaneous.

E. B. Knapp, Abilene, Kas.: Write to Sec. Endicott, Washington, D. C.

B. Marvin, Jacksonville, Oregon: See paragraph headed patents, public lands, etc.

E. Wilkins, Nineveh, Ind.: To answer your question would be to violate paragraph two at the head of this column.

George Thompson, Fayetteville: To answer your question would be to violate paragraph two at the head of this column.

W. F. C., South Bend, Ind.:

Can you tell me where the home of Count von Moltke is?

Berlin, Germany.

G. R. Winegardner, Treeland, Sycamore Co., Mo.:

Is an Ohio soldier entitled to a book called Ohio in the War, free?

No.

A Reader, Noah, Ind.:

1. Where and when does a new day begin? 2. Is it true that in traveling around the earth to the west that you gain a day?

1. Midnight. 2. Yes.

J. H. Winslow, Fairmont, Ind.:

Please inform me through your paper the name of the United States minister at Guatemala?

D. Lynch Pringle, South Carolina.

B. F. Terrell, Deming, N. M.:

For questions 1 and 3 you are referred to a paragraph in this department headed Pensions, public lands, patents. You now answer 2 yourself.

Ruby Bacon, Lowell, Ind.:

What was the number of British and American soldiers killed during the revolutionary war?

Americans, 7,240, and 14,556 British.

F. Swahn, Coral, Mich.:

Please give short sketch of the principles, doctrines, etc., of the "socialists," in Question Bureau.

See answer to C. T. L., Stewart, Minn., in BLADE of June 2.

Lena Hill, Bradford, Pa.:

Did the Ashtabula bridge break down or did the cars jump the track? Please answer in your paper.

The bridge gave way. See answer to J. W. H., Stonbury, Mo., May 19.

F. G. B., Topeka, Kas.: The live stock industry of South America is very large. The climate and lands are peculiarly situated for such an industry, but it is carried on to an extent that almost overdoes the market. A young man, without capital, could not do much in that line.

W. P. S., Natine, Blount Co., Tenn.:

What is the best way to get rid of potato bugs?

Two tablespoonfuls of Paris green to two gallons of water, put in sprinkler and sprinkle the vines. Do not let it stand around where anything can get at it as it is poison.

J. K. Lewis, West Lafayette, O.:

I would like for you to tell why the first Atlantic cable, that was layed by the Great Eastern, refused to work after 400 messages were sent.

Insulation became imperfect and electric current passed out into the water breaking the circuit.

Reader, Swanton, O.:

Is the odor arising from the burning of natural gas unhealthy?

To answer your first question would be to violate paragraph 2 at the head of this column. 2. Not that has yet been discovered. Natural gas has been in use many years and no unhealthy effect has been noticed.

S. T. T., Duluth, Minn.:

What nationality was Napoleon? also, Is a railway that has connections or owns a line into Canada exempt from the long and short haul clause in the Inter-State Commerce bill?

(1.) Napoleon I. was born at Ajaccio, Corsica, and was consequently a Florentinian.

(2.) The U. S. has no authority over railroad lines in Canada.

J. E. W., Sherman, W. T.:

Please settle this question: One of my neighbors holds that any thing, dead or alive, heavy or light, put into the sea never goes to the bottom in the deepest water, but remains suspended. I claim it makes no difference how deep the water that everything goes to the bottom. Which is right?

Your neighbor is correct.

Retta, Wenona, Ill.:

1. How would heirs to a fortune in France go to work to prove they were the rightful heirs? 2. How would a letter have to be addressed to reach the U. S. Minister to France?

1. The laws of different nations on property are so peculiar that only a person versed in French law could give you an intelligent answer. 2. Robert McLane, U. S. Minister, Paris, France.

A Reader, Toledo:

What does the phraze "United States observer" mean?

It is applied to persons engaged by the government of the United States in taking observations of the weather and temperature. Numerous observers throughout the country report to Washington by wire several times each day, and from these reports the chief of the Signal office, or his assistants, formulate and send out the "weather indications" for the next day.

H. G. Guiser, Stryker, O.:

Where did Mr. Burchard use the words, "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion," and on what occasion did he use them? Will you quote the language he used in reference to the application of the words, to one of the political parties?

The Rev. Dr. Burchard was to address a political banquet in New York city during the Blaine campaign. During the course of his remarks, which was quite lengthy, he referred to Mr. Blaine as the "opponent of that party (Democratic) which was wedded to Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion." Friends of the Roman church became very bitter at these utterances, and worked incessantly to defeat him.

G. H. Beatty, Greenfield, Iowa:

Please give a brief history and present condition of William and Mary's College, Virginia.

William and Mary College, next to Harvard, is the oldest institution in America, was established at Williamsburg, Va., 1693, and endowed with lands and placed under the patronage of the King and Queen of Great Britain. The trustees of the Hon. R. Boyle, the English philosopher, presented a great part of his estate to this college for the education of Indians. At the Revolution it lost most of its possessions, half the students entered the army, and the French troops occupied its buildings as a hospital. Here were educated Presidents Jefferson, Madison and Monroe, Chief Justice Marshal and Gen. Scott.

Mrs. L. H., Starville, St. Clair Co., Mich.:

1. Who were the Mollie Maguires? What was their object and what did they do?

2. Please publish the fish law of the state of Michigan, or, if too long, give the address of the state fish commissioner.

1. On June 21, 1877, ten men of the Mollie Maguires were executed in Pennsylvania for murder. The executions took place at Pottsville and Munch Chunck. Great terror had been caused by the power attained by the Mollie Maguires, who had obtained control of the Ancient order of Hibernians, and carried on their work in great secrecy. Their plans and deeds were ferreted out by a detective named James McParlan, who, in the employ of Allan Pinkerton, joined the order and remained a member long enough for him to obtain what evidence he wanted. By this exposition and the executions the power of the Mollie Maguires were broken up and only a few days since the last two were released from a Pennsylvania prison where they had served since 1877. They were, perhaps, the most murderous gang of outlaws that ever infected a country. 2. Michigan fish commissioner, Lansing, Mich.

J. L. M., Pleasant Grove, N. C.:

Editor, please give the entire sum of tax collected on whisky in a year in the United States.

The total collections of internal revenue of the first ten months of fiscal year ending June 30 are $95,253,066, being $50,650 less than collections during the corresponding period of the previous fiscal year. Receipts are as follows: Spirits, 1886, $56,559,322; 1887, $52,678,240; decrease, $3,881,082; tobacco, 1886, $22,749,508; 1887, $24,327,007; increase, $1,577,199; fermented liquors, 1886, $15,520,160; 1887, $15,488,810; increase, $1,028,188. The aggregate receipts for April, 1887, are $5,256,138 greater than the receipts during the same month in 1886. The increase is mainly on tobacco and fermented liquors.

W. H. E., Hillsboro, Ill.:

Name the leading principles of the Republican and Democratic parties in 1858.

Republican platform, adopted in Chicago May 20: It declared in favor of equal rights to all; all forms of repudiation denounced as a national crime; the payment of the public debt in good faith; taxation for revenue only; economy practiced as fast as national faith would permit; to extend the national debt over a fair period; to improve the credit of the United States so that money could be loaned advantageously; declared in favor of honest government; of the present administration and denounced the corruption of Andrew Johnson's administration; deplored the tragic death of Lincoln; declared that naturalized citizens should be protected in their rights; favored pensions to worthy soldiers; foreign emmigration encouraged; declared in sympathy with all oppressed people struggling for the right; commended the spirit with which ex-rebels cooperated to restore peace and harmony. Democratic platform adopted in New York July 4: Recognizing that slavery and secession had been settled forever; demanded immediate restoration of all states to their rights in the union under the constitution; amnesty for all political offences; payment of the public debt as fast as possible; equal taxation of every specie of property according to its real value; one currency for everybody; economy in the administration of the government; reform in the abuses in the administration; equal rights and protection for naturalized citizens; declared against the corruption of the Radical House; thanked President Johnson for the stand he took.

James W. Haworth, Cuba, Kans.:

What is Easter Sunday held in commemoration of? Please give a sketch of its history?

Easter day, or Easter Sunday, is thought to derive its Teutonic name, Ostern, from the feast of the Goddess Ostara, or Eastre, the personification of the morning of the east, and also of the Opening Year. The feast was celebrated by the ancient Saxons in the spring, and for their fathers of the church, as they are called, substituted the Christian festival. Some Philologists maintain that both the English and German words came from the old Saxon, Oster, or Osten, which means rising, because the sun arises new in the spring. The Anglo-Saxon name of April was Easter Month, and the month is still known as such in Germany. The worship of Ostra appears to have been very prevalent in North Germany, and to have been carried to England by the Saxons. It continued to be commemorated in the former country until the beginning of the present century, by the kindling of bonfires and other observances. In the Mosaic law, the passover, among the Jews, was celebrated the 14th day of the month, April, afterwards called Nisan, that is, within a day or two before or after the vernal equinox. The early Christians differed as to the time of observing easter. Some churches taught, as they claim, by St. Philip and St. Paul, celebrated the nearest Sunday to the full moon of Nisan, without counting the day upon which the Passover was killed, as ordained by the Jewish and the Eastern churches, following as they said, the tradition derived from St. John and the Jewish calendar, adopted the 14th of Nisan as the day of crucifixion, and celebrated Easter the third day after, whatever day of the week that might be. On this account they were designated as quarto decisions. The question was not settled until sometime brought it (325) before the Council of Nice, when Easter was authoritatively declared for the whole church to be always the first Sunday after the full moon which occurs on or next after March 21, and if the full moon happens on a Sunday, Easter is to be the Sunday following. The most characteristic Easter rite, and the most widely diffused, is the use of Pasch eggs. They are usually stained.

J. G. L., Tolono, Ill.:

Will the BLADE please tell me something about spiritualism?

The advocates of spiritualism, in the modern acceptation of the term, comprise those who believe in the actual and open intercourse or communication between the inhabitants of earth and those who have passed to the spirit world. The phenomena of modern spiritualism seems to have assumed a form and attracted attention in the year 1848, in what has been known as the "Fox Family," in the western part of New York, where mysterious rappings, audible sounds and mysterious rappings in the house of the Fox family, the manifestations increased in variety and character, and developed with wonderful rapidity, and not only different families in that vicinity, but different parts of the country, especially in the Northern and Western states. Mediums, through whom these manifestations were said to occur, multiplied by hundreds, and were from all classes—high and low, rich and poor, the ignorant and learned. The phenomena assumed various forms of development, from raps and sounds, and the moving of ponderable bodies without visible contact, to the alleged perfect control of the medium by the spirit, and through him or her to speak, or write, as the will and intelligence of the spirit might dictate. People from all classes of society, and from all religious denominations, were attracted by the new phenomena, and in a short time the subject was one of prominent discussion in the press, and in public and private assemblies. While the actual converts to Spiritualism included men of science, literature, and philosophy, and from all learned professions. In 1859 the *Spiritual Register* estimated that there were no less than 1,500,000 of Spiritualists in America, and 4,000,000 more had faith in the doctrines in a greater or less degree. They have published many books upon subjects connected with their theory and doctrines, and have some 20 or 30 periodicals and journals. In various parts of Europe, especially in England and France, there are also believers in spiritualism, and several journals devoted to the subject are there published.

While Spiritualists are united in their belief as to intelligible intercourse between the earthly and the spiritual states of existence, they have no regular denominational organization nor written creed, and there is great diversity of opinion among them on theological questions. Different views are entertained by them as to the character and merits of the Bible. They do not, however, generally regard it as a book of inspiration in the orthodox sense; but accept it as a record of historical events and of the religious views and experiences of the Jews and early Christians, including spiritual manifestations, etc., of past ages, similar in kind but differing in form and degree to those of the present day. They claim that the phenomena of spiritualism furnish demonstrative and positive proof of the immortality of the soul, and believe that the spirit world is around us and blended with our present state. They regard death as a change by which the individual passes from earth life to life in the spiritual world—retaining all his mental faculties and the experiences and attainments of the present life, form the basis or foundation upon which he commences in the next. That this change, instead of restricting him to a fixed state, really enlarges his sphere of liberty; and his happiness or misery in the spirit world, as in this, depends on the motives, aspirations, character and conduct of the individual. They reject the idea of vicarious [illegible] or conditions—not fixed by arbitrary decree—but the natural results of the organization, the manner of life and the surrounding influences of such person.

Regarding man as the offspring of an Infinite and perfect parent, they believe in the progressive tendency of the human race, and the ultimate destiny of all mankind to a higher life and continual process of development in knowledge and happiness. They do not regard communications from the spirit world as being, on that account, infallible truths—but that they will in that respect depend upon the nature and the motives, good or bad, of the minds from which they emanate—and the mediums through which they are received—hence they should be accepted as truth only when they are found to be in harmony with the consciousness and reason of the person who receives them.

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For Weak Women.

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM: "About the first of September, 1881, my wife was taken with uterine hemorrhage. The best physicians the physician could prescribe did not check it, and she got more and more enfeebled. She was troubled with Prolapsus Uteri, Leucorrhœa, numbness of the limbs, sickness, etc., and had no desire for food or appetite. I purchased a trial bottle of your Vegetable Compound. She said she could discover a salutary effect from the first dose. Now she has comparatively free from the Prolapsus, Stomach is sickness, etc., and her appetite is very much better, and is less at the regular periods. Her appetite is restored, and her general health and strength are much improved. We feel that we have been wonderfully benefited, and our hearts are drawn out in gratitude for the same, and in sympathy for other sufferers, for whose sakes we allow our names to be used.

C. W. EATON, Thurston, N. Y.

Marriage and Health.

Pittsburg, Pa., Nov. 5, 1883.—Mrs Lydia E. Pinkham: "As is frequently the case with ladies who have reared large families, I had tried the skill of a number of physicians, and the virtue of many medicines without relief, and as an experiment I concluded to try yours. I am not a seeker after notoriety, but I want to tell you that I have been benefited and relieved by your medicine. I am now using my fourth bottle, and it would take but little argument to persuade me that my health is fully restored. I should like to widely circulate the fact of its wonderful curative powers."—Phebe C. Boop.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

"Face the Other Way, Boys! We Are Going Back! Face the Other Way!"

Sheridan had left Washington on the morning of October 18, 1864, by train, and passed the night at Winchester, twenty miles north of the battlefield. On the morning of the 19th he heard the firing of a cannon, and sent out to find the cause, but was told it came from a reconnoissance. At 9 o'clock he rode leisurely out of Winchester, not dreaming that his army was in danger. After a little, he heard again the sound of heavy guns, and now he knew what it must mean. Nothing could restrain Winchester he came upon the appalling marks of defeat and rout. The runaways from the battle, still in flight, had got as far as this in their terror. The trains of wagons were rushing by, horses and drivers all in confusion, for there is no horse so terror stricken as that in the flight and wreck of a beaten army. Sheridan had never seen his men in this condition before.

He at once ordered the trains to be halted, and sent for a brigade of troops from Winchester; these he posted across the road to prevent further straggling. Then he called for an escort of 200 men, and, directing his staff to stem the torrent as well as they could, he set off himself for the battlefield. He rode straight into the throng of fugitives, in a splendid passion of wrath and determination, spurring his horse and swinging his hat as he passed, and calling to his men: "Face the other way, boys! Face the other way!"

Hundreds turned to the appeal, and followed him with cheers, for they all knew Sheridan.

It was 10 o'clock before he reached the field. There he rode about hurriedly, glanced at the position, and at once determined upon his course. He rearranged the line of those who were still unbeaten, and then went back to meeting up the panic-stricken remainder. And now his presence and personal influence told. He was in the full uniform of a major-general, mounted on a magnificent black horse, man and beast covered with dust and flecked with foam; he arose again in his stirrups, he drew his sword, he waved his hat, and shouted to his soldiers: "If I had been here this never would have happened. Face the other way, boys! We are going back!"

The flying soldiers were struck with shame when they heard him shout and saw his face blazing with rage and courage and eagerness for them. They took up his cry themselves: "Face the other way!" It went on from one to another for miles—from crowd to crowd—and they obeyed the command. As the swelling shout went on the surging crowd returned. They faced the other way, and along the very road which a cowering mob had taken three hours before the same men marched with the tread of soldiers to meet the enemy. They knew now that they were led to victory.—*St. Nicholas.*

—Perfection is attained in Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

An Enterprising Baltimore Boy.

There is in Washington, says the Baltimore *American*, a small boy, not more than 10 years of age, whose indulgent mother keeps him well supplied with pocket money. This young man opened an account with the local savings bank some time ago, and on April 1 he had on deposit there about $35. Two or three days later he had a falling out with the teller of the institution. For nearly a week he tried to think of some method for settling the score, and at last he hit upon a plan. He went to the bank and drew out $30 from his store. Then he went over to the treasury building, which is just across the street, and had his three "tens" converted into thirty "ones." Next he proceeded to make out thirty deposit slips each for $1. These he carried to the bank, one at a time, compelling the poor teller to make thirty separate entries in his books. The following day this young fiend again drew out $30. Again he visited the treasury, but this time he had his money changed into silver quarters, bright from the mint. One hundred and twenty deposit tickets were then prepared, and a corresponding number of entries had to be made in that unfortunate teller's big books. Then for three days an armistice was declared, but at the end of that time $30 was again drawn out, and this time when the boy visited the treasury building it was dimes that he wanted. The regulation deposit slips were prepared once more, and the teller gritted his teeth when he saw that he was again to be made the victim of that boy's vindictiveness. At last the 300 dimes were all in the bank, and the young villain prepared to reduce the store of his wealth to nickels, but he was notified that the bank would insist upon the thirty days' notice allowed by law, and for a time the teller rests.

A Greedy Old Girl.

During Queen Victoria's reign—may her shadow never grow less; it can't grow very much greater—there has been added to her realm 7,260,000 square miles of territory, and the population she controls in her colonies has been about trebled. This is why our big-hearted mother country shudders with horror every time she sees any other nation casting greedy eyes upon an island in the Arctic Ocean, 40 miles square. If Victoria—God save the Queen—reigns another 50 years, God save the rest of us. She would by that time own so much of this earth that the British possessions would stick out beyond the edges half way to the moon, and all the H fact ries in the universe would be running on time.—*Bardette.*

Lightning Strokes Increasing.

From statistics collected in parts of the German empire, G. Heilmann finds that the danger from lightning, though generally increasing, is diminishing in certain districts, the risk becoming less the more closely houses are clustered. The character of the soil has great influence. Letting 1 represent the danger from lightning on calcareous ground, 2 will give it on marly, 9 upon sandy, and 22 upon clayey soil. Oaks are struck more frequently than other trees so that if the danger for beeches be 1, that for pines is 15, and for oaks 54.

Balmy odors from Spice Islands,
Wafted by the tropic breeze;
SOZODONT in healthful fragrance
Cannot be surpassed by these.
Teeth it whitens, purifies;
You will use it if your wise.

ITCHING FIVE LONG YEARS.

New Bloomfield, Miss., Jan. 2, 1886.

HOP BITTERS CO.:

I wish to say to you that I have been suffering for the last five years with a severe itching all over. I have heard of Hop Bitters and have tried it. I have used up four bottles, and it has done me more good than all the doctors and medicines that they could use on or with me. I am old and poor but feel to bless you for such a relief from your medicine and torment of the doctors. I have had fifteen doctors at me. One gave me seven ounces of solution of arsenic; another took four quarts of blood from me. All they could tell was that it was skin sickness. Now, after these four bottles of your medicine, I am well and my skin is well, clean and smooth as ever.

HENRY KNOCHE.

GOOD WORDS—FROM GOOD AUTHORITY.—* * * We confess that we are perfectly amazed at the run of your Hop Bitters. We never had anything like it, and never heard of the like. The writer (Benton) has been selling drugs here nearly thirty years, and has seen the rise of Hostetter's, Vinegar and other bitters and patent medicines, but never did any of them, in their best days, begin to have the run that Hop Bitters have. * * We can't get enough of them. We are out of them half the time. * * From letter to Hop Bitters Co., from BENTON, MYERS & Co., Wholesale Druggists, Cleveland, O.

GOOD FOR BABIES.—"We are pleased to say that our baby was permanently cured of a serious protracted irregularity of the bowels by the use of Hop Bitters by its mother, which at the same time restored her to perfect health and strength."—THE PARENTS.

MISERABLENESS.

The most wonderful and miraculous success, in cases where persons are sick or pining away, in any condition of miserableness that no one knows what ails them (profitable patients for doctors), is obtained by the use of Hop Bitters. They begin to cure from the first dose, and keep it up until perfect health and strength is restored.

WICKED FOR CLERGYMEN.

"I believe it to be all wrong and even wicked for clergymen or other public men to be led into giving testimonials to quack doctors or vile stuffs called bitters, but when a really meritorious article is made up of common valuable remedies known to all, and that all physicians use and trust in daily, we should freely commend it. I therefore cheerfully and heartily commend Hop Bitters for the good they have done me and my friends, firmly believing they have no equal for Family use. I will not be without them."—REV. E. R. WARREN, Scipio, N. Y.

A GOOD ACCOUNT.—"To sum it up, six long years of bedridden sickness and suffering, costing $200 per year, total, $1,200, all of which was stopped by three bottles of Hop Bitters taken by my wife, who has done her own housework for a year since without the loss of a day, and I want everybody to know it was by their benefit."—JOHN WEEKS, Butler.

Never Forget This.

If you are sick Hop Bitters will surely aid Nature in making you well when all else fails.

If you are costive or dyspeptic, or are suffering from any other of the numerous diseases of the stomach or bowels, it is your own fault if you remain ill, for Hop Bitters is a sovereign remedy in all such complaints.

If you are wasting away with any form of Kidney disease, stop tempting Death this moment, and turn for a cure to Hop Bitters.

If you are nervous use Hop Bitters.

If you are a frequenter, or a resident of a miasmatic district, barricade your system against the seeds of disease—use Hop Bitters—malaria, epidemic, bilious and intermittent fevers—by the use of Hop Bitters.

If you have rough, pimply or sallow skin, bad breath, pains and aches, and feel miserable generally, Hop Bitters will give you a clear skin, rich blood, and sweetest breath and health.

The poor, bedridden, invalid wife, sister, mother or daughter, can be made the picture of health with Hop Bitters, costing but a trifle. Will you let them suffer?

In short they cure all diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Nerves, Kidneys, Rightful Disease, $1000 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help.

HOW MUCH CAN A MAN EARN?

A Large Salary Paid a Railroad Magnate, Which He will Try and Earn.

It is said that Thomas J. Potter, vice-president and general manager of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroad, has been receiving a salary of $35,000 a year. It is further reported that as general manager of the Union Pacific railroad he has signed a contract for two years at an annual compensation of $50,000 a year. These figures to some may appear to be enormously beyond the ability of any man to return an equivalent in time or work. To others the larger of these sums will seem small when the responsibility of the position is fully considered. It is an affair of daily occurrence so common that no attention is paid to it, for an employe to receive a salary of $1,000 a year for superintending the management of a business whose aggregate for a year may fall below $20,000. There are many men who receive $2,000 a year for directing a business whose volume does not in the aggregate of a year reach $10,000. Mr. Potter, as the executive head of the Union Pacific railroad, will be the direct representative of a corporation whose capital stock runs up into the millions of dollars. An insignificant per cent. of this enormous aggregate pays his salary of $50,000 a year. If he has the ability to handle millions of dollars in such a way that a satisfactory profit is returned to the stockholders, then his salary is small

TOLEDO BLADE.

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TALMAGE—A BEAUTIFUL PORTRAIT OF A FAMOUS PREACHER.

At the request of thousands of our readers, we have had engraved a magnificent portrait of the great and world-famous pulpit orator, Rev. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, uniform in style with our other Military and Religious Heroes. The portrait is absolutely life-like, is executed in the very highest style of the art, and will be an ornament to any house. The thousands upon thousands of admirers of the great Brooklyn preacher, the greatest and most effective pulpit speaker now living, will be glad to secure this speaking likeness of the man. It has a more than passing value, for it is taken while he is yet in his prime, in the vigor and strength of his manhood, and while he is doing his most effective work. Every reader of his matchless sermons should have one. We mail them singly, post-paid, for 25 cents. For the combination with our other portraits, see announcement on fifth page, under the head of Publisher's Department.

PROHIBITION THE ONLY REMEDY FOR THE DRINK EVIL.

We notice an effort being made on the part of many of the friends of the Rum Power in different sections of the country to weaken the efforts of Prohibitionists, and divide their forces, by bringing up again the matter of fighting drunkenness, in place of fighting the drunkard-makers. It is plain that this effort is intended simply to divert a portion of the attack upon the saloon into other channels, and thus weaken the force of the assault. The first organized efforts made against Rum were spent in trying to save men who had already become the victims of drink, and in preventing others from becoming the prey of the Rum Devil. Thousands upon thousands of men, young and old, signed the pledge. Various temperance organizations were formed whose membership involved total abstinence from all intoxicants; and the churches were brought into line in the effort to mould public opinion in favor of personal temperance. To the sanguine leaders, it seemed entirely possible to work a moral revolution within the life of one generation, and redeem the land from the curse of drink. The saloon was to be abolished by the preventing it from having any customers.

Nearly two generations have passed since this effort began, and the army of drunkards is much greater than it was then. The saloon has grown in power and influence, and the liquor interest has become one of the largest in the country. Like the fabled upas tree, the Rum Power has spread over the land, laying its clutches upon high and low, and withering and destroying all within its deadly influence. The trouble was, that taking the pledge would not redeem a drunkard, nor would it prevent a man from becoming one. A man once having fastened upon him the awful drink thirst, cannot be controlled by a word nor by a written pledge. Such a man would violate it, nay, he would violate the most sacred oath taken before high heaven, in order to satisfy his depraved craving. He will drink despite all pledges, despite the tears and prayers of friends, parents, wife or children, whose hearts he is breaking, whose lives he is blasting by his intemperance. And it was shown, too, that while the many temperance organizations flourished in respect to members, yet they were making no great headway against the Rum habit. Where there was one who enrolled himself among their membership, there were ninety and nine who would not be brought within the fold. It became plain that this plan of dealing with the Rum evil was ineffectual. So long as Rum could be obtained, men would drink.

There was but one other thing to do, namely, to crush the traffic. If the weakness of human nature, and the natural leaning of humanity towards this vice, were so strong that it was impossible to control them through simple means, the power of the law must be invoked, and the arm of the state stretched forth to check an evil that is sapping the life-blood of the nation. Then began an effort to obtain the prohibition of the manufacture and sale of Rum in all its forms. The plan was put upon trial and is upon trial to day. What are the results, so far as we have gone?

The first great difficulty has been to obtain a fair trial of the plan. The Rum Power knew that Prohibition meant its own downfall. Every effort was put forth, every nerve was strained, to prevent an enactment of prohibitory legislation. In some cases this was successful for the time being. The enactment of such laws has been defeated in some of the states, but the agitation still goes on. When fighting for a great moral reform, defeat does not paralyze effort, but only impels to still harder work to compass the desired end. And in the states in which those laws have been enacted, the struggle has been an untiring one ever since to nullify the statute by its wholesale violation. To this there are two parties—the rum-sellers themselves, and the men who are already victims to the rum thirst. It may be set down as a maxim that where a man has once become a slave to the drink habit, he will gratify that accursed appetite if such gratification be at all possible. No difficulty daunts him, no obstacle stops him. And when such men are met more than half-way by the determined efforts of the Rum Power to keep up the sale of the different brands of body-rot at whatever risk, it readily becomes plain that the enforcement of these laws is a most difficult task.

The fact is, the Rum Power dare not allow a fair trial of Prohibition. It fights it to the bitter end. It knows, in any locality from which the curse of the saloon has been removed for a sufficient length of time to thoroughly test the matter, that the people will never return to it. The only hope of the Rum Power in this country lies in making the people believe that Prohibition is a farce and the law a dead letter upon the statute books. If in any state there can be a strict observance of the law for one full year, there will never be any further opposition to it to amount to anything. What do we find in those states which already have Prohibition enactments covering the entire state, or Prohibition by local option governing a portion of the counties? That the results have been for good, and for good only. The elementary schools for drunkards—the saloons—are crushed out; the education of boys in the drink habit is stopped; the people are more prosperous; the money which formerly went into the pockets of the saloon-keepers now goes into the channels of legitimate trade; public order is much better observed; the jails have fewer inmates; the courts of law have less work, and everything is on the up-grade.

As far as the experiment has gone, its results are abundantly satisfactory. Had it been a failure in the states in which such enactments are in operation, we should find the friends of temperance devising some other plan for the extinction of the Rum traffic. But the reverse is the case. There has been, within the past two or three years, an enormous growth of the Prohibition sentiment. This is attributable to two things: First, the defiant attitude and increased audacity of the Rum Power itself; second, the fact that as far as the experiment has been tried, Prohibition is proving a grand success, and that the longer the law is in operation in any locality the less is the amount of opposition thereto. And this decrease in opposition marks exactly the degree of energy on the part of the officers of the law in enforcing Prohibition. Men get tired of constantly being law breakers. It becomes unprofitable to be constantly paying fines, not to speak of the social odium in which a man is held who makes the defiance of the law his sole business.

Another fact is to be noted in this connection—that there is no disposition on the part of the people, where Prohibition has once been tried, to go back to the reign of Rum. If Prohibition were to a large extent ineffectual, if the results of its enforcement were not beneficial to the community at large, especially in the moneyed sense, we should find a revolution in public opinion. The great mass of those who had at first upheld it would now cry for its repeal. But there is nothing of the sort. Not only do these men stand firmly by the law, but a large number of its opponents, men who opposed Prohibition on the personal liberty plea, too, have become convinced that, all things considered, it is the best thing possible, and therefore give it their adhesion.

This effort then to divide the forces of Prohibition and to get up a sentiment in favor of returning to moral suasion is simply an indication of the increasing pressure of opposition on the Rum Power. It will fail as all other efforts have failed to stop the rising tide of Prohibition. We believe the end is comparatively near at hand. The movement in favor of Prohibition is general, not local. There is no state in which the agitation is not increasing. It is not too much to anticipate that within a very few years at most, the united power of the law and the people will have combined to successfully

Pulverize the Rum Power.

THE number of patents issued weekly by the government steadily increases. There are now 400 or 500 granted per week. Yet it is said by those in position to know that not one in five of the devices patented ever brings to the inventor enough money to pay the official fees. It is found, too, that as a rule, the patented articles which have the most money in them are the comparatively simple ones which can be manufactured at a very small cost. It is very remarkable, too, that there is scarcely a new device invented. The vast majority of patents are in the nature of improvements on something previously patented. The issue of a patent to one inventor, with the publication of a description of the invention, is certain to bring to the office applications for improvements thereon varying in number from one to fifty.

THE better informed class of liquor sellers are beginning to realize that the saloon is in danger, and to view with alarm the rapid spread of public sentiment hostile to it and the Rum traffic. The president of the United States Brewing society, at the recent meeting held in Baltimore, said:

I venture the assertion that never before in its history has the society encountered so critical a period as the present. Prohibition is gaining in scope and strength. Labor dissension in the past year has served to injure our business beyond estimate, and it is to be feared that the latter evil will in the near future again assert itself, and, perhaps, for a time totally impede the business. In some parts of the country even liquor men have proclaimed against brewers, to the advantage of prohibitionists, by asserting that beer is more harmful than liquors. Patent-speculators and projectors-looking on amazing our business on all sides. Indeed, without strong organization, the brewing interests to-day could hardly withstand the attacks of its innumerable foemen.

IF there is anybody who actually believes that there is no real issue between the two parties he is in a fair way to change his mind by the time the Presidential election comes around. The tariff question will be the absorbing one in that contest. There will be, from present appearances, a shifting of party lines, and the Democrats will be compelled to get down off the fence. The Republicans will take strong protectionist ground, while the Democrats will undoubtedly declare in favor of free trade—that is, for a tariff "for revenue only," which is the same thing. A few free trade Republicans will move over into the Democratic camp, and the vast array of protectionist Democrats will take their places in the Republican ranks.

IT is announced by Land Commissioner SPARKS that something like 25,000,000 acres of land will be taken from the railways and thrown open to settlement. The railroads which it is said will be most affected, and the states, territories and localities in which are located the larger portion of the lands to be restored, are given in the order of the interests involved, as follows: The Northern Pacific, in Montana, Dakota, Washington Territory, Idaho and Oregon; the Atlantic & Pacific, in New Mexico, west of the Rio Grande, and Arizona; the Southern Pacific, in Southern California; the California & Oregon, from Roseville Junction, near Sacramento, to the Oregon line; the Oregon & California, from Portland to the California line.

THE *Nation* is of the opinion that Mr. MANNING'S plan of dealing in silver bullion in New York city, with the intention of thus controlling the silver market of the world, is impracticable. It calls attention to the fact that India really controls the price of silver, she being the country that uses the most of it as money. The quotation made in London for bar silver is the result of the demand from India, and is expressed by the regular auction sales of drafts on Calcutta and Bombay; and the price of these drafts depends upon the state of trade with India, in the same way that the price of London exchange here is dependent upon the state of trade between us and Great Britain.

A WASHINGTON dispatch says that all the points at issue in the fishery question, except the privilege of shipping crews and buying bait by American fishing vessels in Canadian ports, have been settled satisfactorily, and a settlement of this claim is confidently hoped for at an early day by the State department. Well, why not state what the "satisfactory settlement" is? There are a great many citizens of the republic anxious to know whether the government has again yielded to British demands.

THE character of crop reports has been still steadily brightening in all sections. The weather has been very warm, and with about a proper allowance of rain where needful, the crops have been making time handsomely. The agricultural situation has never been without offsets in any year, but the present situation probably approaches that distinction as closely as we would be apt to find it in ten years.

THE United Presbyterian church has finally been forced to yield on the question of instrumental music in churches, and their General Assembly, at its recent session, declared that the use of the organ in church services is allowable.

A BIT OF HISTORY.

There is an organized effort on the part of the Democratic and mugwump newspapers to defy Mr. CLEVELAND for what they are pleased to term "his enforcement of the laws in favor of settlers." We have yet to see any reason for especial praise above that given to any of the Republican administrations which preceded him. The plain fact of the matter is that the homestead law, the "enforcement" of which by the President is bringing such a chorus of acclamations from these newspapers, was purely and entirely a Republican measure. The President has done nothing more nor less than to enfore this law as his predecessors have done. As he is sworn to execute the laws faithfully, we find no reason for this outburst of personal toadyism.

We are glad that the Democratic party, through its organs, is forced to make some progress in spite of itself. Its ideas have always been those of the past; but occasionally something occurs which shows clearly that it is progressing, though far behind Republicanism in its advancement. The present attitude of the Democratic party concerning the homestead laws furnishes such an occasion. When the first bill for the granting of homesteads to actual settlers was introduced in Congress, a howl went up from the Democrats. It was denounced as a "pernicious" measure, as an "unconstitutional" bill. The Republicans were in a minority, and the Democrats promptly defeated it.

The next step was the introduction of a bill on the Republican side, providing that after September 1, 1858, no public lands should be sold until they had been surveyed, and the surveyors' returns filed in the land office for ten years. The object of this was to give actual settlers ten years' advantage over land speculators. This measure was again howled at by the Democrats as being "unconstitutional," and they of course defeated it—the votes standing, in the House of Representatives 53 to 78. The next year a similar bill was again killed by Democratic votes. In 1859, a homestead bill passed the House of Representatives—the Republicans voting for it and most of the Democrats against it; but it was defeated in the Senate by the casting vote of the Democratic Vice President, Mr. BRECKENRIDGE.

In 1860 a homestead bill passed the House, the Republicans being solidly for it, and the Democrats against it. In the Senate a bill was substituted for it giving the land to actual settlers at 25 cents an acre. The House concurred in this, as there was nothing better to be done to aid struggling farmers in acquiring land. This time the Democratic President, Mr. BUCHANAN, vetoed the bill, and the Senate refused to pass it over his veto. Finally, our Democratic brethren of the South, whose regard for the constitution was so great that they inaugurated a slaveholders' rebellion in order to break down the government, withdrew their Congressional delegation, and the Republican majority of Congress passed the homestead bill, which gave to every actual settler 160 acres of land, and President LINCOLN signed it, it thus becoming a law.

We quote this interesting chapter of history to show the people of the country what the actual feeling of the Democratic party has been towards settlers of the public domain. The secret of their opposition in those days was that homesteading would rapidly increase the settlement of the territories, and that the institution of slavery would be imperilled by the formation of new states. The South was then supreme in the national goverment, because the members and leaders of the Democratic party of the North were their lickspittle, servile tools. When the Southern slavocrats took snuff, the Northern Democrats sneezed. Slavery being abolished by the war and the adoption of the constitutional amendments, our Southern brethren having been soundly thrashed and pardoned, and the Union being reconstructed, there is now no reason for objecting to the settlement of the territories. Hence, the papers above spoken of are swinging censers of adulation before the accidental President because he is doing his sworn duty in executing the law of the land, even though that law was a Republican measure, passed by a Republican Congress, in spite of the earnest efforts of the Democratic minority.

It is refreshing to find that the Democratic party has moved this far onward. It has at last reached a point which the Republican party reached in 1857—30 years ago. The "eternal principles" of rock-ribbed Democracy seem to have given way sufficiently to allow the Democratic party to commend the execution of the law for the benefit of the landless. It is one of the most singular things connected with American politics, that the masses of this country were ever hoodwinked by the persistent cry that the Democratic party is the party of the people. It has always been, from its very inception, the enemy of poor men and laboring men. For years it bent every energy to keep the nation under the political control of a set of aristocrats, maintained in idleness upon the unpaid labor of negro slaves. It has opposed every measure which would have been for the benefit of the laboring classes. The time will come, probably, when the monstrous pretenses of this rotten old organization will be thoroughly understood by the masses.

TO THOSE NOT SUBSCRIBERS WHO RECEIVE THIS NUMBER OF THE BLADE.

A great many people, who are not subscribers will receive this number of the BLADE. We ask of all such a careful examination, and a just comparison with any other paper printed. And then, if it pleases you, as it will, remit your subscription at once, and secure its weekly visits. $1.00 a year, 30 cents for three months. You will never regret it.

A SUGGESTION is made by the New York *Commercial Advertiser*, which is a decidedly bright one, referring to the word "mugwump," which is an unpleasant one in sound. It thinks that the very significant word "dearirep" should be used as the name of this particular faction, headed by "Miss ARIMINTHA" CURTIS. It comprises in itself the first syllables of the words "Democrat" and "Republican," as well as the Greek "demi," meaning "half." No better description could be given of the mugwumps than that they are half Democrat and half Republican.

THERE is much excitement in Florida over the increase of yellow fever at Key West, and all the towns of the coast have quarantined against that port. There are four hot months to come, and the fever will rage till frost comes. This is a bad outlook. Then the cholera in South America is advancing Northward, and it behooves our people to clean up and get ready for a possible visitation from the scourge. Clean up!

IN Texas, in the struggle over the Prohibitory amendment, both sides are working hard for the colored vote. The intelligent negroes, as a rule, are in favor of the amendment; the more ignorant and degraded class are being industriously told by the whisky men that the passage of the amendment is but the first step toward putting them back into a state of slavery.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND is a very stubborn man. Notwithstanding the historical example of ANDREW JOHNSON in "swinging round the circle" and its disastrous result, he proposes to make a tour across the continent, beginning in August and ending in October. It is, of course, intended to aid the boom for a second term.

FIGHTING THE COBDEN CLUB.

The American Protective Tariff League has originated a plan to raise the necessary funds wherewith to combat the teachings of the English free traders. It is called the "One thousand defenders of American industry," and each signer pledges himself to pay $100 annually, or so much thereof as may be required by the league in its work of counteracting the fallacies of the Cobden club. The work of the league is purely educational. Its organization is national, with general headquarters at No. 23 West Twenty-third street, New York city. It has a vice president and secretary in each state and territory. The league is non partisan and will, in no event, identify itself with any political party, but aims to unite all parties in support of the policy which it advocates. The object of the league is to protect American labor by a tariff on imports, which shall adequately secure American industrial products against the competition of foreign labor.

The league was incorporated about two years ago, but its organization was not fully perfected until about a year since. It is now in regular communication with its officers in thirty-six states and territories. It has obtained through its state officers a list of over 3,000 newspapers, the editors of which have kindly opened their columns to the statement of the principles and aims of the league. It has prepared and printed a catalogue of books, pamphlets, speeches, etc., serviceable in directing public opinion in support of the tariff policy, and giving information to those seeking knowledge of the science of political economy.

A college text book on political economy is being prepared by an eminent professor, which will show advantages of a diversified industry, fostered by protective laws. Arrangements are in progress for printing one million leaflets or tracts, including a series of 48 different subjects, for distribution wherever there seems to be a demand for them. The extent to which this work can be carried is limited solely by the resources of the league. Ten league documents, books, pamphlets, etc., have already been issued.

FOOLISH FIGURING.

Below is given a table, which we find in the New York *Telegram*, in which are arranged the Presidential candidates of the two great parties—the first column of names giving the successful candidate, the other his unsuccessful opponent. It is a valuable tabulation of facts:

1—1789.	G. Washington	No opposition.
2—1792.	G. Washington	No opposition.
3—1796.	John Adams	Thos. Jefferson.
4—1800.	Thos. Jefferson	John Adams.
5—1804.	Thos. Jefferson	C. C. Pinckney.
6—1808.	James Madison	C. C. Pinckney.
7—1812.	James Madison	DeWitt Clinton.
8—1816.	James Monroe	Rufus King.
9—1820.	James Monroe	No opposition.
10—1824.	John Q. Adams	Andrew Jackson.
11—1828.	Andrew Jackson	John Q. Adams.
12—1832.	Andrew Jackson	Henry Clay.
13—1836.	Martin Van Buren	Wm. H. Harrison
14—1840.	W. H. Harrison	M. Van Buren.
15—1844.	James K. Polk	Henry Clay.
16—1848.	Zachary Taylor	Lewis Cass.
17—1852.	Franklin Pierce	Winfield Scott.
18—1856.	James Buchanan	John C. Fremont
19—1860.	Abraham Lincoln	S. A. Douglas.
20—1864.	Abraham Lincoln	G. B. McClellan.
21—1868.	U. S. Grant	Horatio Seymour.
22—1872.	U. S. Grant	Horace Greeley.
23—1876.	R. B. Hayes	S. J. Tilden.
24—1880.	James A. Garfield	W. S. Hancock.
25—1884.	Grover Cleveland	James G. Blaine.

This table is made the subject of a good deal of figuring on Presidential possibilities. On the one hand the fact is pointed out that three times therein is shown the renomination and success of the principal candidate who was defeated at the election next before. This happened in the instances of JEFFERSON in 1800, JACKSON in 1828, and HARRISON in 1840. Once, in the instance of PINCKNEY, in 1804, there was such a renomination, and a repeated defeat.

On the other hand the fact is equally patent that in seven cases there have been re-elections to the Presidency for a second term—in the instances of WASHINGTON, JEFFERSON, MADISON, MONROE, JACKSON, LINCOLN and GRANT.

The Democratic brethren are showing, to their own satisfaction, that if the Republicans renominate BLAINE, and the Democrats CLEVELAND, the precedents are eight to three in favor of CLEVELAND. It seems to us that they must be terribly scared if they can extract any consolation out of so ridiculous a bit of reasoning. The question is one of votes, not of precedents. Even were we to take their ground, it would be clear to any man that CLEVELAND has none of the elements of strength for a second election that were possessed by any of the seven Presidents who served a second term.

FORAKER AND SHERMAN.

The attempt of the Democratic organs of the state to start the falsehood on its rounds that FORAKER, in the Chicago convention of 1884, played false to SHERMAN, by making a motion to nominate BLAINE by acclamation, is silly. It is a matter of record that FORAKER loyally stood by SHERMAN to the end. The editor of the Dayton *Journal* states the fact, in exact accord with the personal knowlege of the writer, as follows:

The truth is that Gov. Foraker and the Ohio delegation waited one ballot too long before the governor made the motion. The time to make it was on the previous ballot, when Ohio would have gained credit for it, but her tardiness lost her the eclat she ought to have had. Moreover the motion was not made until the most zealous friends Sherman had went to Foraker and urged him to make the motion.

The statement is also made that FORAKER'S "treachery" to SHERMAN was shown by the fact that in his nominating speech the governor eulogized BLAINE. So he did—and ARTHUR, EDMUNDS and LOGAN also. And he did the right thing; for it was an intimation to the convention that, while Ohio presented her own noble son, JOHN SHERMAN, for the candidacy, she would loyally support the nominee of the convention, whoever he might be; that the intelligent Republicans of Ohio believed that the best interests of the nation demanded that a Republican should be put in power, and that they would hold the triumph of their party dearer than the triumph of mere personal preference. No Republican will find fault with FORAKER for his mention of any other candidate.

IT certainly seems to us that Mr. POWDERLY, General Master Workman of the Knights of Labor, has made a very serious mistake in ordering a practical boycott of the carpets of a certain New York manufacturer. There is no quarrel between the Knights of Labor and this carpet maker. The latter pays the highest wages asked for, and his employes all belong to the Knights. POWDERLY'S quarrel is with the men themselves, not with the employer. The men recently refused to go out on a strike when ordered to do so by the Master Workman. This was during the famous coal-heavers' strike. These workmen said that if the coal-heavers were not satisfied with their wages, they had a right to strike; but they could not see why carpet-makers should strike because coal-heavers did. They could see no connection between weaving carpets and loading vessels with coal. So the men continued at work, having no just cause for striking. Mr. POWDERLY now tries to discipline them by ordering a boycott on the goods they make, so that the manufacturer, being unable to dispose of them, will be obliged to close his works and throw these men out of employment. This may be according to the principles of the Knights of Labor, but it is neither equitable or just.

IT is said that the inter-state commerce commission is very much divided in opinion as to the meaning of the phrase "under substantially similar circumstances and conditions" in the fourth section. They have about decided that the only possible way to reach a decision in the matter, is to await until the courts have decided, in some case brought before them, what the phrase really means.

SHALL WE PAY THE NATIONAL DEBT OR NOT?

Intrinsically the most important question before the people of the United States to-day is the financial question, in relation to the public debt. Here are the facts in the case:

All the 3 per cent. bonds have been called for payment, and there are no other government bonds subject to call until September, 1891.

The money is accumulating in the treasury, which now has over $100,000,000 of surplus.

There is a cry among the free traders for "revenue reduction;" that we cannot use any money for debt payment till 1891, and that the enormous sum which would by that time have accumulated would so contract the currency that ruin would follow.

To allow the money to accumulate would most certainly be unadvisable and unbusiness-like. But if we cut down the revenue to a figure sufficient only to pay ordinary governmental expenses, what are we to do when the bonds become due? How are we then to raise the money to pay the debt?

It is as plain as a pikestaff that if Congress cuts down the tariff, or repeals the internal revenue taxes, and the business of the country accommodates itself to the changed order of things, it will be almost an impossibility to restore the present status of things in 1890-91, in order to raise money to pay the debt.

The result would be, that the debt would be perpetual. Our debt stood, on June 1, as follows:

Bonded debt (3s, 4½s, 4s)	$1,007,516,650
Legal tender notes (greenbacks)	346,738,146
Total	$1,354,254,796

The other items of Pacific railway bonds, accrued interest, gold and silver certificates, fractional currency, etc., brought the total debt up to $1,697,532,141. But it is the main sum, the total of the above table, in which the people are most interested. Shall it be paid, or not?

The New York *Nation* is a free-trade paper, but it recognizes that the time to fight for free trade is after the debt is paid, not before. We reproduce the following extract from an article on "Refunding the Debt" in its issue of June 2, and emphatically endorse every word of it:

Debt-paying ought not to stop even for a short time, and we ought not to dismantle our tax machinery while so large a claim as $1,-100,000,000 is still outstanding. The public mind will be in a state of uneasiness as soon as the public debt becomes a stationary, immovable mass, calling for a fixed amount of interest yearly.

The people are perfectly willing to be taxed for the reduction of the debt. Indeed, it may be said that they are not willing not to be taxed for it. They have been impatient of the debt from the beginning, but impatient only to see it honestly paid and discharged. They have taken a just national pride in doing it more and more fully.

There have been periods of temporary craze, when a minority have demanded the payment of the bonds in greenbacks. Some few have bewailed the resumption of specie payments because the restoration of parity between specie and paper made the paying of bonds in greenbacks no longer advantageous to the one side or disadvantageous to the other.

But among the great mass of citizens there never was a time when any questionable mode of payment would have been acceptable. Nor will there be any such time hereafter. The only ground for discontent will arise when the payment of the debt shall be checked by the inability of the government to get hold of any bonds to pay and cancel. That time will arrive before Congress meets again in regular session, so that the present discussion is by no means premature.

A proposition is advanced by the New York *Financial Chronicle* for the refunding of the bonded debt at a lower rate of interest. This is not the true idea. The plan the people favor is to continue paying the principal of the debt without intermission. A complete cessation from 1887 to 1891 will not meet with favor; in fact, Congress can not allow itself to avoid this issue. The people will not permit it. If all the debt were due now, it would take about ten years, at our present rate of revenue accumulation, to pay it off.

This is the question that is of most importance to the people. There are several things that can be done before 1891, viz:

We can redeem the $346,738,146 of greenbacks.

We can go on the market and buy bonds, paying the ruling premium for them. At the present premium, this would be economy on the part of the government, as we showed in these columns a short time ago.

The debt is to be paid; the people want it paid. The free traders say, "Reduce the revenue by cutting down the tariff." Well, but what are we to do in 1891? Clap the tariff on again? There is no business sense in such a proposition. Stop paying the debt, and make it perpetual? That would be unwise, and the people will not allowed to be done.

The debt is owing, and it will be paid. Congress must meet this problem during the coming session.

TWO IMPORTANT TEMPERANCE DOCUMENTS.

We call attention to an announcement in the Publisher's Department, fifth page, of two very important Temperance documents, which we have just issued. One is upon the result of Thirty Years of Prohibition in Maine, and the other the testimony of Ten Eminent Physicians as to the effect of Lager Beer upon the Human System. These pamphlets, by D. R. Locke, should be scattered broadcast. They should be circulated by the million. See terms and order at once.

A CALL FOR HELP FROM TEXAS.

The Women's Christian Temperance Association of Texas, through its executive board, issues the following call for aid in the battle for the success of the prohibitory amendment in that state:

At a meeting of the executive board of the Texas W. C. T. U., the following resolution was unanimously passed:

"So earnest and real has been the sympathy which good men and women in other states have expressed for us, we republish no outside help theory, and will be thankful for any aid from any quarter."

Friends, aid us as generously as you can. The Brewers' association has voted a large sum of money to fight against us. All eyes are on Texas. We feel if we do not our whole duty at this time it will be written, "The glory is departed." Ichabod.

All donations of money should be sent to our state treasurer, Mrs. W. D. Knowles, 1016 Marietta street, Dallas, will be thankfully received by her, and acknowledged.

CARRIE HORNER,
State Cor. Sec. W. C. T. U.

We have also received the following, with a request to publish, concerning the work by and among the colored people in Texas:

At the Waco convention, Mrs. Caroline Poe, of Marshall, a colored lady of fine ability, was elected State Organizer. Harriet Murphy, another colored woman, has been doing a good work in Northeast Texas. She is said to have stirred up seven churches in ten days, and is only wanting for money to enable her to take the field.

We do hope the colored people in other states will heed this call, and help the women.

There are 70,000 colored people in TEXAS.

The Rev. R. Thenald Louis, of New Iberia, La., and the Rev. Mr. Taylor, are already in the field, and should be sustained, so we need several hundred dollars for the work that is being done for these people. Send your donations to Mrs. W. D. Knowles, state treasurer, 1016 Marilla street, Dallas, Texas, and specify its object.

JENNY BLAND BEAUCHAMP,
State President, Texas W. C. T. U., Denton, Texas.

MR. CLEVELAND is a cautious man. The other day, when out in the mountains with DAVE CRONK, the guide, they discovered a large black bear on an island in the lake. CRONK wanted the President to remain and watch the bear while he returned for a rifle with which to pot the animal. But GROVER was too cautious for that. "What am I to do," he said, "in case the bear comes this way? I have no gun, and if I swam out into the lake he could easily follow me." And so the animal was left to his own devices, while the President and the disgusted DAVE went elsewhere to fish.

"INTEMPERANCE an Enemy to Labor" is the title of an article in the *Catholic World*, which is a very strong call to the laborers to strike in the right place. A pressing boycott of the saloons might render other boycotts unnecessary. At any rate it is well worthy a trial in order to test its possibilities.

THE OLD-FASHIONED ANTI-POVERTY SOCIETY.

There is much discussion at the present time over the "Anti-Poverty Society" established in New York by HENRY GEORGE and Dr. MCGLYNN. It may not have occurred to our readers that there has been, for a long time, in this country, an independent society with exactly the same aim, and which has, moreover, been successful in a large number of instances—in fact, in the case of every member thereof who observed the rules strictly. All such have either achieved a modest competence or risen still higher in the scale of wealth.

Moreover, the society already existing presents obvious advantages over the New York organization. It does not cost anything to join; there are no dues nor assessments; the members are not obliged to hire a hall, nor does their membership interfere in the slightest with their political views or their religious convictions. There is but one set of rules, and all that is required to obtain the full benefits of the society is, that the member shall follow them strictly at all times; every violation, no matter how small, entails a corresponding loss financially. There are no walking delegates; no signs, grips and pass-words; no badges, no offices. Every man is on an absolute equality with all the other members. The membership is extremely large in America—a very large proportion of the people in this country being actively engaged in prosecuting the work of the society.

The prime object of this society—and it possesses the advantage of having but one single purpose—is simply the accumulation of wealth. While all the members do not reach this point, yet so long as they adhere strictly to its rules they are successful in avoiding poverty. The general rule is as follows:

Each day spend one penny less than thy clear gain.

It is needless to say that this was written by a prominent member of the order and a shining example of its benefits—one BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, a man of some prominence in the colonies during the Revolutionary era. This rule is to be interpreted liberally. It is not intended that the margin of profit shall not exceed one penny; this is merely the minimum figure, not the maximum. The members may spend as much less than the profits of the day's labor as they choose; but there must always be saved one penny, and as much more as possible.

Take a young fellow at 18 or 20, just starting out in life as a clerk, for instance, on a salary of $6, or $10, or $12 per week. He finds at the end of a month that he has no money left in his pocket after paying his bills; it is obvious that, if he continues allowing his expenses to equal his income, he will always be poor. If misfortune or sickness assails him, he at once becomes dependent upon his relatives, if he have any, or else a pauper, subsisting at the public expense. It is obvious that if he ever expects to accumulate sufficient to secure him from poverty in his old age, that there must be a margin of accumulation. His expenses must be considerably less than his income—or, as such a young man would doubtless phrase it, his income must be greater than his expenses.

Now, there are two ways of doing this. It is queer, but the plan which is generally adopted, is not to reduce expenses, but to make persistant and untiring efforts to increase the income. That this plan is more or less of a failure is a matter of experience, and therefore needs no discussion. The other plan, and the only other, is that which is prescribed by the rules of the great anti-poverty society of which we are at present speaking. It consists in cutting down expenses until such a margin exists. It is plain that the young man who is receiving $10 per week and whose expenses are exactly equal thereto, if he desires to save $3 per week to put in the savings bank, can accomplish that at once if he immediately reduces his expenses to but $7 a week. If he desires, however, to maintain his expenses at $10 per week, he must wait until his employer raises his wages to $13. The beauty of the plan adopted by the rules of the society is, that accumulation depends upon the would-be member himself, and not upon the wishes or views of his employer.

It takes some little self-denial to belong to this society; but then we must remember that there is very little accomplished in this world without self-denial. The members are only learning the lesson voluntarily in place of having it ground into them by the stern hand of necessity. The young clerk mentioned above, if he desires to join the anti-poverty society, will be obliged to cut off all expenses except those absolutely necessary—what he pays for board, clothes, washing, books, and his contributions to the church and for benevolence. He must stop smoking, and treating, and taking pleasure excursions of a costly character. He should see to it that he has a sufficiency of good, plain, nourishing food, well-cooked; that his clothing is neat and adapted to circumstances—for in these days extravagance in dress is a too common thing among young men just starting in life; he should keep an accurate expense account, in which every cent he spends is duly set down, with the purpose for which it was expended; and he should regularly go carefully over this expense account, and determine whether all the items there set down were necessary and justifiable. And when he receives an increase of salary or takes a better position, he must see to it that his expenses do not increase, at least in any marked degree. The rule—and this is an inflexible one of the anti-poverty society—is, that necessity, and nothing else, must govern the outlay.

Another chapter of the rules of this great anti-poverty society treats of the manner in which a man should work. Whatever it be in which his talents are exerted, every task should be done in the very best manner possible; he must aim at nothing less than perfection; he must be industrious, putting in full hours, and taking no holidays except those which are absolutely necessary; he must consider his employer's interests as absolutely identical with his own; he must be as economical of his employer's property as if the cost thereof came out of his own pocket; he must be absolutely honest in word and deed, and constantly strive, through the excellence of his work and the fidelity with which he discharges his duty, to prove himself worthy of higher compensation.

We might go on discussing this subject at length, but we think enough has been said to set wise young men thinking. The road to wealth is through economy. It requires very little in reality to maintain a young man comfortably. If he saves all that he possibly can, and climbs as rapidly as circumstances will allow through faithful and efficient work, there is nothing to prevent his accumulating a fortune. Self-indulgence is the curse of the American people.

THE recent local elections in Virginia made plain two facts. The first is that the color line is broken, the negroes in many cases supporting Democratic candidates, while an increasing number of white voters have joined the Republican party, presumably from their interest in the growing industries of the state. The second is that the Republicans are holding the gain that they made last fall, and that it looks more possible for Virginia to resume her place in the list of Republican states.

THE Boston *Journal* enumerates fifteen of the leading Democratic papers of the South which have espoused the cause of protection during the past year.

THE LAST CHANCE!

CLOSING OF THE VOTE ON REPUBLICAN NOMINEE

For the Presidency in 1888—Send in Your Postal Card at Once!

One month ago we asked every Republican voter among the readers of the BLADE to send us, by postal card, three things—his first choice for the Republican Presidential nomination next year; his second choice; and his choice for Vice President.

We have received responses from every State and Territory in the Union (save Utah). They are from all sections of each, and we will tabulate them by states and territories. The published result will give an infallible guide to the feelings and views of the rank and file of the Republican party of the whole Union.

This is the LAST TIME this request will appear in the BLADE. We will receive postal card votes up to Thursday, June 30, on which date we will begin making up the tables, which will be published as soon as completed.

Therefore, vote at once, if you desire to do so at all. Take a postal card and thereon answer the three following questions by number:

1. Who is your first choice for Republican Presidential candidate in 1888?
2. Who is your second choice?
3. Who is your choice for Vice President?

Sign your name, with your postoffice address, and put *nothing else* upon the card. Address it simply: "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

Here is a model card as to style—of course you will put in whatever names you prefer:

COLUMBUS, OHIO, June 16.
1.—.....
2.—.....
3.—.....
JOHN SMITH.

That embraces everything that is needed, and nothing more. Get yours up on that model, and let us have them *at once*.

OUR PORTRAIT OF LOGAN.

Our portrait of the lamented LOGAN is finished, and being mailed. It is a splendid work of art, and will be highly prized by those who secure it.

And speaking of our series of portraits of the great generals of the late war, there is one point to which we wish to call attention. These portraits are engraved from photographs taken from life, and were furnished us by the Generals themselves, at our request, as being the view of the face and the expression they desired to be remembered by. Two, Gen. GRANT and Gen. SHERMAN, sat expressly for us, and SHERIDAN and LOGAN sent us those that they preferred.

In a very few years the BLADE portraits of the great Generals will have an increased value from this fact. They are not only works of art, but they are faithful, absolute likenesses.

We send them to any address at 25 cents each, singly, or 65 cents for the four. The five great religious heroes, the two WESLEYS, CALVIN, LUTHER and TALMAGE for 80 cents, the whole nine for $1.25. Order at once.

A CONFEDERATE PLANK.

The Democratic plank declaring in favor of "a tariff for revenue only" is an application of a principle laid down in the constitution of the late Southern Confederacy. Section 8 of the article relating to the powers of Congress, in that document, reads as follows:

Congress shall have power to lay and collect taxes, duties imports and excises for revenue necessary to pay the debts, provide for the common defense and carry on the government of the Confederate states. But no bounty shall be granted from the treasury, nor shall any duty or tax on importation from foreign nations be laid to promote or foster any branch of industry.

Ex-Senator EATON, of Connecticut, brought up the point in the debate upon the Morr

JOHN SHERMAN'S LATEST SPEECH

Mr. SHERMAN must have made a center shot in his Springfield speech, to judge from the flutterings and flying feathers in the Democratic and mugwump coveys. The agitation produced by that address has led our able contemporary, the Philadelphia *American*, a weekly political and literary review of high grade, to consider the speech in its relation to the Presidential campaign of next year. Its discussion is so striking that we may be pardoned for reproducing it in full:

The address of Senator Sherman at Springfield is a notable event in the public affairs of the country. The capital of Illinois is nearly associated with the fame of the Republican party's greatest representative, and Mr. Sherman spoke there surrounded by all the memories of that heroic figure. For few men, indeed, could there be a greater fitness in the association. The Senator from Ohio is a veteran in the service of his country, according to the principles and policy of the party which twice chose Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency.

In 1866, he presided over the first Republican convention of Ohio, and in the same year took his seat in the National Congress. For 32 years he has been either a Representative or a Senator, excepting the four years in which he served as secretary of the Treasury. It is almost 30 years since he represented the cause of the free territories against the demand of slavery extension, in the memorable contest over the Speakership of the House of Representatives in 1859—a struggle in which the principal charge against him was his approval of a book that presented the facts and arguments in favor of human liberty.

The address itself was a dignified and able presentation of the Republican case. But it was more than this; it represented to the country the ability of Mr. Sherman as the leader of his party. It is very apparent that the mind of Republicans in all directions has been steadily turning to him as their candidate in the great National contest of next year, and the significance of this speech will not be mistaken. Mr. Sherman is addressing the country. He is arguing the National issues before the whole people, not simply because these issues are of vital interest, but because the people are now preparing for the assignment of the Presidency to one or the other of the great parties. He thus enters the vast arena of the Nation, and undertakes the service of the highest dignity and greatest seriousness. He tries himself by the performance in the view of the whole country, and his success marks him as a man of the highest order of abilities.

If it shall be the increasing and finally conclusive purpose of the Republican organization to make Mr. Sherman its candidate for the Presidency, the decision would be everywhere admitted to be most fit. The statement of the relations of his party to his experience, his ability, and his honorable private record is such as no other public man exceeds, and few indeed could equal. Whatever the Republican party has to offer the country in its history, its purposes, or its capacity for the public service, is well typified in Mr. Sherman. If it can command a majority of votes upon any sound grounds it can do so with him as its candidate. When Mr. Curtis said in his New York speech that Mr. Sherman is "one of the purest, ablest and most experienced men in public life," he uttered high praise, and notable as coming from the man who supported Mr. Cleveland three years ago; yet the truth and justice of the description have nowhere been seriously disputed; and it is this deepening condition of the political wisdom of nominating a candidate who is thoroughly fitted to be President which increasingly points to Senator Sherman as the man for 1888.

A HOT SHOT

The Boston *Pilot*, the leading Irish-American paper of America, edited by JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY, has a double-leaded editorial in its issue of June 4, concerning the conduct of our consul at Ottawa, Mr. HOTCHKISS—an appointee of Mr. CLEVELAND'S—during the recent visit of O'BRIEN to that city. We quote it in full. It is short, but strong:

The American consul at Ottawa was asked to lend the American flag to decorate the hall where William O'Brien was to speak. He refused, but we had no right to object.

But a few days later he decorated his house with the flag in honor of Lansdowne. He also rode in the procession welcoming Lansdowne, after the speech in which he (Lansdowne) expressed his approval of the conduct of the Tories in murdering almost to death peaceable American citizens who were with William O'Brien.

Consul Hotchkiss smiled approval at the school children who sang for Lansdowne "We'll hang O'Brien to a sour apple tree."

Consul Hotchkiss is acting in strict accordance with the sentiments of Secretary Bayard, as was Minister Phelps when he declared in London that no Americans but the Irish sympathized with Home Rule.

Irish-American Democrats,—we are sorry to have to say it,—these facts must be seriously laid to heart!

The present administration has always acted in a servile manner toward England. BAYARD, who imagines himself an aristocrat in this land of absolute equality, is a toady to everything British, and PHELPS is another. PHELPS knew that he falsified in his statement. There is no intelligent, patriotic American who is a lover of liberty but sympathizes with Ireland in the struggle for Home Rule.

The Democratic monkey has for years used the Irish vote as a catspaw. How long will it take the Irish-Americans to find it out?

THE leaders of the Grand Army of the Republic still continue indignant over Mr. CLEVELAND'S proposed visit to St. Louis at the time of the national encampment. They have no objection, of course, to his visiting that city; but as the date of their encampment was fixed almost a year ago, they are inclined to consider his fixing upon the time for his trip, as meaning that he will endeavor to make the encampment a political side-show, to bolster his pretensions for a second term. And it is more than likely, all things considered, that this is precisely what was in the President's mind. It has been one of his mistakes to pay no attention whatever to the West; and because a few G. A. R. posts in the East have been giving him taffy over his veto of the dependent pensions bill, he cannot understand that the vast majority of the order are bitterly opposed to him because of that veto.

THE Grand Army of the Republic has, through a committee, prepared a dependent pension bill which will be offered at the next session of Congress. The bill, in its general features, seems one that will perform an act of long delayed justice to the dependent ones among the veterans who wore the blue. This is a measure that should be urged by every patriotic man upon his Representative; and the force of public opinion should be so distinctly shown to be in its favor that the President will not dare interpose his veto to defeat the will of the people.

Gov. MARTIN, of Kansas, declares that the evil results of the open saloon have been abolished in nearly every town and city of the state, and that, "in thousands of homes where want, wretchedness and suffering were once familiar guests, plenty, happiness and contentment now abide." Still he suggests amendments to the law, and says:

If authority is provided for compelling local officers to discharge the duties required of them by law, within three months there will not be an open saloon in Kansas, and the sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage will be practically abolished.

THE Buffalo *Times* thinks the present an opportune time to begin a crusade against the inordinate use of coffee—which, it is well known, affects the stomach and liver unfavorably. It says:

If coffee comes too high for your slender purse, do not drink it. You will be healthier, wealthier, and will have a better complexion if you let it alone. It is claimed that the supply is not equal to the demand. The press of this country can reduce the demand one-half in one month if it will once undertake it. Let every exchange that sees this paragraph have something to say on the subject of reducing the demand and coffee will come to a halt in its upward flight pretty lively.

THE invitations to the fifth annual convention of the Travelers' Protective Association of the United States, which will be held at St. Louis June 21 to 25, inclusive, is in the form and likeness of a brass baggage-check, with leather strap complete. The BLADE acknowledges the receipt of one of these unique invitations, and regrets that it can't be on hand with the boys.

A WESTERN exchange presents the following nut for the free traders to crack:

Coffee, on which there is no duty, was never as high as now; while sugar, on which there is a duty, was never so cheap as now. Why is this the case? Will some of the free traders arise and answer the conundrum?

HERE is a strong point, neatly put, on the tariff question:

Free trade calls for a foreign market, which is precarious. Protection creates a home market, which never fails.

BARNUM'S SERMON.

His Opinion Upon the Question of Drinking Intoxicating Liquors.

Detroit Tribune.

I should have been in my grave twenty or thirty years ago if I had not quit drinking intoxicating liquors, as I did, in 1847. I had contracted the habit, had built up a blind, unnatural appetite for strong drinks, and really liked the taste of every kind of liquor—though I suspect I liked the effects still better. I began to grow careless and "slothful in business" and put off till next week what I ought to have done to-day. Fortunately I discovered that the habit was destroying my health and my worldly prospects, and by a most determined will-power I conquered the powerful appetite which I had acquired for intoxicants and broke it forever. I knew that habit was second nature and that the unnatural appetite for strong drinks were stronger than nature itself, for every glass of liquor drank increased the desire for another glass, and so on, *ad libitum*, and therefore to have conquered such a fearful habit was the saving of my life and all that was worth living for.

When I found myself secure from falling back into the whirlpool of intoxicants, I felt as a shipwrecked person must feel when his life is barely saved by the lifeboat while many of his fellow passengers were still struggling in the waves. Being saved himself he is excitedly anxious to save others. I felt so overjoyed at being snatched from a habit which was surely dragging me down to misery and death, that I found my greatest pleasure consisted in circulating the temperance pledge, giving temperance lectures free of charge all over the country, and using every effort in my power to enlighten public sentiment in regard to the fearful delusion of strong drink. I particularly urged young men and young women, as I now do, to start right in life to avoid this greatest evil in the land—because it is the parent of nearly every other evil known, and is sure to utterly destroy nine-tenths of those who form the drinking habit. I begged them to touch not a single drop, because like opium, morphine and other narcotics, the drinking of liquor calls for more and more, to produce the same effect that a little produced at first, and thus an artificial and unnatural appetite was created that proved irresistible in a great majority of cases. I showed the youth of this country that their health, happiness and success in life as well as of their posterity depended upon whether they started life's journey on whisky, beer and other brain-muddlers, or on cold water, nature's beverage, which gives the clear brain, the firm hand, the strong resolution, and the noble ambition to succeed in life, financially and morally. I am glad to know that I have started thousands of young persons on the right track, and that their example will save hundreds of thousands of their posterity and fellow-beings. It is one of the greatest pleasures of the evening of my life that I can look back and see the multitude of young married men, who were ruining themselves and families by this social, delusive and absolutely fatal habit of dram drinking whom I have been able to convince that they were on the wrong track, and to induce them to switch off and take the temperance track for life. Many a wife and son and daughter have clasped me by the hand and with streaming eyes have thanked me for having saved them from misery and degradation and saving their father and husband.

Young married men in Bridgeport who were my tenants I have induced to abandon the use of liquor and tobacco on condition that I would build and sell them a house on credit, to be paid for by installments. Numbers of such men with growing families have in a few years owned the houses they lived in, clear from debt, they having saved the money by cutting off their rum and tobacco expenses, and earned more money by their renewed energy, energy and small ambition. There is no one redeeming quality in the liquor-drinking habit. It does no possible good, and it inflicts all manner of evil on its victims, his family and friends. It is the most degrading, poverty-breeding and utterly destructive infatuation that ever paralyzed the hopes, comforts and characters of the people of this otherwise blessed America. P. T. BARNUM.

All About Ears.

A writer in *Harper's Bazar* says: "A curious proposition has been made by the chief of police of one of the large European cities, that photographs of criminals should be taken, not with the full face as now, but with the side face in view, using the ear especially, other features changing with the course of time—a mouth falling, an eye sinking, a nose projecting, a brow growing prominent, a cheek either baggy or hollow, a chin either pointed or doubling—but an ear always remaining unchanged into old age, and no two ears being alike; so that a thief would be known by his ear as long as there was anything left of him. This would seem to involve a serious error. No, organ, any close observer will declare, changes shape more than the ear does. Even the piercing of the lobe for earrings will often pull it down and inflate it so as to work complete transformation there; and anybody who has a gouty acquaintance may see the change wrought in the ears by the chalky lumps and concretions under the skin that never fail to show themselves there, that sometimes attain the size of the curious little notch seen in the upper edges of many ears, and said by those who have faith in the intricacies of evolution to be the remnant of the ancestral ear of the last apish progenitor. Few features of the human body are more distinctly beautiful than the ear, when it is a beautiful ear; that is to say, when it is rosy and little; and so thin that the blood glows behind it like a flame. No sea shell with its myriad delicate whorls, with its pink and white, with polish and brittle daintiness, is half so lovely, for no sea shell, after all, is alive when we see it, or when it has reached that stage of beauty. But the ear in its perfection has the white throat beneath it, the clustering hair above it, the damask cheek beside it, and is set off and heightened in every hue and that by its surroundings, and as often as not has the eye of the beholder fastened to it on the point of a quivering jewel glittering in it."

Among the Heathen.

When Bishop Taylor comes back from Africa, if he ever does come back, he will have some interesting experiences to relate. Recently he and his fellow missionaries arrived at a village when the inhabitants were preparing to go on a hunt. It took them a whole day to do this although not the weapon was burnished or put in order. The time was spent in making the necessary propitiation to the demons—it were mockery to call them gods—who ruled the forests and all the country round about. During the first half of the day they had pondered solemnly and danced frantically, led by their chief in the effort to thunk up some new and extraordinary sacrifice to make. At last they struck it. They dug four little holes in the ground about a foot deep, each in the form of a square. They then took the one goat of the party, cut its throat among them and put her feet in the holes. With the precious water from their well they moistened the dirt, and, every man pitching into work, they packed the mud about the unfortunate nanny until she was entirely buried, not even the tips of an ear appearing above the mud. Then they shouted and sat down to contemplate their fetich with profound satisfaction. That was what they were at when the bishop came along. It was then too late in the day to begin a hunt, and they passed the rest of the afternoon in idleness.

For Men Who Cultivate Beards.

Two fallacies are in vogue regarding the whisker question. One is that a thin-faced man should support side-whiskers to widen his face; the other that a round-faced, fat man should favor long chin whiskers, to lengthen his face. Both are adopted on the counter-action and antidote principle, but are wrong, as wrong can be. A man with a sharp chin exposed is thin, and appears thin in spite of his Burnsides. And a moon-shaped man gives himself a humorous and clownish appearance by wearing a long, sharp tuft on his chin. The principle of conformity should be observed or a wholesome change made. A thin man, for instance, should not wear chin whiskers, no whiskers at all, or a beard. He no more looks well with side whiskers and a peaked chin than he would to stuff his chest and not his cheeks and calves. To look well he must be uniformly and consistently thin, or he may modify it by a complete beard. A fat man should be smooth-faced or wear universal whiskers, pretty closely cropped. The well-proportioned or moderately full-faced man may vary the style and quantity of his whiskers with impunity, so far as the thin or broad appearance is concerned. A very short beard gives an animal look; if very large it indicates vanity or crankiness.

Too Late to Rectify.

"Deacon," whispered a lay member, "I put a blue chip in the contribution box yesterday by mistake, and I want to substitute a dollar for it."

"Blue chips are worth more than a dollar, my brother," replied the deacon, who hasn't forgotten all he used to know, "and, besides, I sent the sexton around and had it redeemed."

DECLINE IN CHRONOMETERS.

Some Fine Time-Pieces Have Declined 600 Per Cent. in Half a Century.

"Do you see this old watch?" said a watchmaker to a reporter of the Pittsburg *Dispatch* the other day. He held up an article that looked more like a mantel clock, and proceeded to open it up. By some twist of the thumb nail that only a watchmaker knows he opened the outer case, and it looked much like the shell of a cocoanut. The interior portion resembled the kernel. The thumb nail got to work again and the glass face was raised. Again the thumb nail acted, and the works were turned on a hinge, and they looked big and coarse enough to run a rolling mill.

"That watch doesn't look as though it was worth much," continued the watchmaker, "and yet its owner, who was in here a few moments ago, said he must have it fixed at any price. It lacked a couple of pivots broken, several teeth bent, and other damages. I told him it would cost $4. 'Fix it up,' he said; 'I don't care if it costs $10 to fix it. That watch belongs to my father. He has had it for many years, long before I was born. I don't think it could keep time enough for a pawnbroker, yet he wants it fixed, and it must be done.'

"Now," continued the watchmaker, "that is a very old style of watch. He could buy a far better one for the price he would have to pay for repairing it, and one that would be much more suitable, too. It is a burden to carry such a watch. But men liked them when they plowed, hammered around among trees, fell into rivers, etc. This old watch survives such mishaps, though it doesn't keep decent time. It can't. Its machinery is too rough and too old to keep good time.

"Yes, there has been a great change in the style of watches. Years ago big watches, with all the flowering that could be got on the cases, were the style. Then came the opposite, and plain watches were the demand. The lady's watch came, a neat, delicate little thing, and then the men thought the little watches were the *ne plus ultra*. And the jewellers began to bedeck the cases with pearls and other stones, and the articles brought big prices. After a time the neat silver watch got its hooks in, and it was all the rage.

"Prices for watches have fallen remarkably in the last ten years. I remember when people paid $250 and $300 for a hunting case gold watch, that you can get now for $50 or $60 and sometimes for less. The change in price is due to the fact that the makers, after a time, found they could make cases much cheaper than they had been doing. The works were made much cheaper by the use of machinery, and of course the price fell, being helped along by competition."

The Luxury of the Genuine Turkish Baths

The bathing establishments, or hamams, consist of large octagonal or circular halls, paved with flagstones, around which run stone seats or very hard divans. In these halls, which are heated to excess and filled with steam, the bathers have themselves washed, rubbed and shampooed by employes called tellaks, who, with their hands encased in hair gloves, knead the flesh vigorously until it becomes clean, flexible and soft like satin. Men go to the bath singly, and remain there only an hour or two; but women go there in parties, and sometimes pass the entire day there, drinking syrups, smoking cigarettes, eating rhat loukoum and sweetmeats and sleeping on divans or in small beds placed around the bath room. The exterior of the hamams presents nothing very remarkable. They are large, low structures built of brick, covered with stucco, and always painted white as marble. They are lighted only by small round skylights set in the cupolas and provided with greenish panes, which throw into the rooms a dim light, resembling moonlight, and very favorable to repose. A furnace underneath heats the building by means of pipes which are run all through the walls even. The temperature is raised to 40, 50 or even 60 degrees centigrade.

After undressing the bathers envelop themselves in a long wrap (pechtuma) and make a delightful plunge into a cloud of vapor, which produces, even in the case of the leanest, a profuse and debilitating perspiration. One puts on clogs, which are like small stilts to protect one's feet from the extreme heat of the floor. There are large white marble urns fastened against the wall, which receive cold and boiling water by separate faucets; it is around these urns that all the purifications commanded by the Koran are made. Seated on a little cedar stool, the bather pours upon his head and body large bowls of water, which he heats to the desired temperature by the faucets.

The hamams, of which there are more than 300 in Stamboul alone, have no fixed tariff. The charges depend upon the bather and the dress of the bather, and vary from two sous to twenty-three francs. Rich pashas sometimes hire them outright for their families, and think that if they pay less than forty livres ($18) they have done something derogatory to their dignity. On the other hand, beggars and poor people are admitted free of charge to certain baths designed for their use; and this is a blessing to them as well as to their neighbors; for these periodical ablutions diminish their extreme filthiness and arrest the growth of the vermin nourished at their expense.—*Cosmopolitan.*

Does Writing Poetry Pay?

The Sunday edition of the *Philadelphia Press* prints an article on the prices paid for poems, in which the writer reports Bret Harte as saying that "it would be easy enough to earn a living writing poetry if one could think of enough subjects, but that they were hard to get, and only thought of at rare intervals," and he adds that Mr. Harte said "those men," alluding to Stedman, Stoddard and others, "got off a new poem about once a month. I make it a point not to write one oftener than every three months, and I get just about as much for one poem as they do for three." This does not sound to me like an authentic report of Bret Harte. In the first place I don't see how Mr. Harte could have said such a silly think as "it would be easy enough to earn a living writing poetry if one could think of enough subjects," nor as rude a thing as about the price of his poems compared to those of "Stedman, Stoddard and others." There is no poorer paid profession in the world than that of poet. There are exceptional examples of poets who have made money out of their poetry, but very few of them have earned their salt at rhyme. Even if they could think of subjects there is not enough demand for this sort of literature to make it very remunerative; and for books of poetry, they are a drug in the market. I don't believe that any of Mr. Stedman's volumes of lyric try have sold as well as his volumes of poetic criticism. Tennyson's poetry pays him, and so did Longfellow's, but Browning's doesn't. Mrs. Browning's did; but it is the stories in rhyme that pay, and not volumes of short poems. Such poems as Dr. Holland's "Bitter-Sweet" and "Katrina" sell by the thousand, because they are simply novels in poetic form; but I don't believe that the volume of Dr. Holland's shorter poems would have paid him or his publisher if the longer ones hadn't been bound up with them. It is a fine thing to be a poet, but human needs have some other profession. He has either got to write prose or he has got to do something else to earn his bread and butter. I don't believe that there is an American poet living whose poetry brings him an income that he could live upon, even by a life of rigid economy, and I think that facts and figures will bear me out in this statement.

The Shaker Dance.

The expression on the faces of the men and women was not solemn, but preoccupied, religious and absorbed. It was evident that this dancing and palm gesturing is subordinate to a general system of suiting the action to the word, which is destined to emphasize the poetry of motion. Hence, when the visiting elderess from Mount Lebanon told the congregation that her associate elderess was detained and could not come, but sent her love to them, Elder Avery remarked: "Let us all gather in our sister's love." Thereupon our entire congregation threw out their palms and returned them with a waving motion toward their hearts, each one whispering: "We gather in our sister's love," repeating this gesture several times, but all in unison. The combined dancing, bowing, gesturing and palm waving does succeed in absorbing more of the attention of those who participate in it, and is more a drill in social unity than mere singing. It adds to the utilizing power of singing, something of the good fellowship which is encouraged and created by military drill.—*American Magazine.*

Something About Sleepers.

A sleeper is one who sleeps. A sleeper is that in which the sleeper sleeps. A sleeper is that over which the sleeper which carries the sleeper while he sleeps runs. Therefore, while the sleeper sleeps in the sleeper, the sleeper carries the sleeper over the sleeper under the sleeper, until the sleeper which carries the sleeper jumps off the sleeper, and wakes the sleeper in the sleeper by striking the sleeper under the sleeper, and there is no longer any sleeper sleeping in the sleeper on the sleeper.—*The Argonaut.*

—Impurities of the blood often cause great annoyance at this season; Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood, and cures all such affections.

ATTIC SALT.

It is about time to begin hunting up bathing suits. They are very small and will be hard to find.

A man who hunts rats may be called a ratter, but a woman who hunts moths is not necessarily a mother.

In the matter of speed there is a great similarity between a flash of lightning and a bit of unfounded gossip.

It is only another illustration of the law of compensation that women advanced in views are apt to be behind in the fashions.

The Seabrook (N. H) selectmen have decided that a hen is not an animal. Wonder if they reckon her as a vegetable because of her crop.

"Colonel," said a well-known citizen, "I'm sorry that they beat you for vestryman the other day." "I didn't make any effort to get the place," the Colonel replied. "in fact, I told the boys the other day that I was out of politics."

Two large Chicago firms of barbed-wire manufacturers have been bankrupted by the inter-state commerce law. It is some satisfaction to know that there is something that can run against the barbed-wire nuisance without getting hurt.

"Miss Northcote-Briggs is a charming girl," observed Cholmondely Jones enthusiastically; "such lovely hair and eyes and such a splendid figure!" "Yes," replied Plantagenet Simpson, "I've heard it is $500,000 in her own right."

"Mrs. Hendricks," said Dumley to the landlady at breakfast, "will you allow me to criticise your coffee?" "Certainly, Mr. Dumley." "It's too strong and hot." Then Mrs. Hendricks beamed upon her boarders, and later, when Dumley said he was sorry to disappoint her, she told him pleasantly that any time before the first of the month would do.

"THE SWEET GIRL GRADUATE."

A Mixture of Blue Ribbons, Sentiment, Poetry and Broken Resolutions.

Just at this time of the year a girl whom I know not well is about to begin the voyage of life, as she terms it in her valedictory. She is the sweet girl graduate. She has sent off to all the John Thomases of her acquaintance scented little notes of invitation to attend the commencement exercises at the institute. She is very pretty it somewhat crude, and wears bangs, a hair and many ruffs and ribbons. Her gown is white, with a sweeping trail. It is to her like a foretaste of bridal finery. She is in a flutter, and supposes that this is the great trying ordeal of her life. She carries her diploma as a young queen might carry her wand of office. Her valedictory is tied with blue ribbons, and there is a good deal of sentiment and poetry in it. She talks about the stormy sea of life; about hope, the light that never was on land or sea, and she is smothered in flowers when she makes her pretty bow of retirement. She has already gone through the inevitable ceremonial of vow taking with her school chum. They are to write to each other every other day. They are to keep each a diary, and exchange them at the end of the year. They are to have no secrets from each other. They swear never to marry, but after a time, when they have been out in society long enough, they will meet somewhere, rent a house or flat together and live inseparable for the rest of their mortal lives—the one devoting herself to china painting, the other to Kensington embroidery or wood-carving. We have all heard her vow over her bosom friend, Alice Maud, the animated repository of all her secrets. Six months go by. We meet Agnes or Ethel, as the case may be, and inquire after the bosom friend. She draws up her slender body and her eyes look daggers that John Thomas wishes were buried in his heart, so sweet it yet so sharp are they. "You mean Miss Smith," says she, "I know nothing of her. I decline to know anything about her. She came to my house and flirted so shamefully with Mr. Brown that he has never been back since. I shall cut her the next time I see her, the hateful old thing."—*Catherine Cole in New Orleans Picayune.*

The Czar's Ambition.

According to the Vienna *Tagblatt*, the Czars highest aim is to be crowned "Emperor of Asia" on the site of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem. The Crimean War had its origin in the quarrels over the holy places in Palestine, and was a continuation of the conflict between East and West which the Crusades left still unsettled. Every step of the Russians toward Constantinople is thus a step toward Jerusalem. It is of significance that the present Emperor Alexander III confides much more upon the power of religious enthusiasm than either of his predecessors did. He wishes to procure a more official and ostentatious consecration of his religious authority, and to have his position emphasized as the supreme protector of the Eastern Churches of the Orthodox Faith, and so rally all the Greek-Oriental churches and peoples around the person and office of the Czar as the Constantine and Justinian of the modern world. This bold project has been long in preparation, is never lost sight of for any diplomatic movement, and no sacrifice of money is thought too great to secure this end. Numbers of settlements of Eastern monks, of apparently harmless and unpretending character, have been and are being founded, and Russia finds the money for the purchase of the land.

Butler and Randall.

When General B. F. Butler was a member of Congress he and Mr. Randall were frequently pitted against each other, but they, as a rule, preserved good temper and cordial personal feeling for one another. At one point of the famous deadlock over the Civil Rights bill, when Randall was managing the Democratic side, as usual, Butler, who favored holding a session on Sunday, went over to Randall's desk to arrange for it. Randall would not agree to the proposition.

"Bad as I am, I have some respect for God's day," said he, "and I don't think it proper to hold a session of Congress on that day."

"Oh, pshaw!" replied Butler; don't the Bible say it is lawful to pull your ox or ass out of a pit on the Sabbath day? You have 73 asses on your side of this House that I want to get out of this little ditch to-morrow, and I think I am engaged in a holy work."

"Don't do it, Butler," pleaded Randall. "I have some respect for you that I don't want to lose. I expect some day to meet you in a better world."

"You'll be there, as you are here," retorted Mr. Butler, as quick as thought, "a member of the lower House."—*American Magazine.*

His First Dead Indian.

I was 12 years old when I killed my first Indian. It happened rather sudden. I was walking out by the river, near Fort Kearney, one night about 10 o'clock. My companions had got on ahead somehow, and I was quite alone, when looking up toward the bluff bordering the river I saw, illumined by the moon, the head and shoulders of a live Indian, watching me with evident interest. Now, I had heard many stories of the doings of the red man, and had also been inculcated with a thorough distrust of their ways; so, quickly coming to a conclusion as to what I should do, I brought my gun to my shoulder, and aiming at the head, fired. The report sounded louder than usual in the silence of the night, for it was past 10 o'clock, and was followed by a warwhoop such as could only be built up by an Indian, and the next instant over six feet of dead Indian came down splash into the river.—*Buffalo Bill.*

Lake Saranac on Sunday.

Scene, parlor in hotel at Northern New York fishing resort. Dramatis personæ, heavy man and charming woman. Time, Sunday. Man yawns, rises, and puts on his hat as it to go out.

Charming woman—My dear, where are you going?

Heavy man (with preoccupied air)—I am going out to meet a man.

Charming woman—But, my dear, don't expect to meet him until next Tuesday, and this isn't Albany.

Heavy man (recovering himself)—You are quite right, my love. I forgot for the moment where I was.

[Removes his hat, sits down, stares hard at the wall, and drums on table with his fingers.]

Cost of Sinking Gas Wells.

The cost of sinking a gas well in the Findlay district is estimated as follows:

Drilling 1,200 feet, including derrick, power, labor, fuel, etc., usually contracted for in a single item, at say 66⅔ cents per foot	$800
300 feet casing, at 55 cents	165
900 feet casing, at 16 cents	128
Packer	35
Connections, valves, etc	20
Total	1,148

This makes actual cost of sinking a well somewhat less than $1 per foot. However, gas is found in quantity requiring it, a further expense of $280 is needed for pressure regulators.—*Manufacturer.*

Knew How to Catch the Women.

"It commands," says a house agent's advertisement of a "desirable residence," "not only a view of the pretty little railway station, but also of the people who miss the train."

IT SAVED MY LIFE.

Mr. E. D. Parsons, of Rochester, N. Y., writes: I scarcely realized what sickness meant until one day I was seized with a pain in the lower part of my back. Next came a stoppage of the flow of urine and acute pain. I was told that my symptoms were those of Stone in the Bladder. My

Kidneys were Affected

It will not try to describe what I went through. Let it suffice that none of the means taken produced any lasting benefit until I began the use of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N. Y. Gradually the sensitive stomach began to digest its food. The urine passed more freely, the pain ceased, the calculus or stone having been dissolved by the medicine, and I am ready, in public or private, to testify that Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy saved my life. Send for a treatise on Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y., for book how to cure Kidney, Liver and Blood disorders. Mention this paper

Dr. D. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy,

Prepared at Rondout, N. Y. Druggists, $1; 6 for $5

THE HELP-LADIES' ASSEMBLY.

New York Servant-Girls Become Knights of Labor—Rules and Regulations.

It is understood that the servant girls of New York have organized themselves into an assembly of the Knights of Labor.

Their constitution and by-laws embody the following points:

The object of this organization is to unite for the purpose of securing the rights of its members, and for promoting a friendly feeling between them and the women they deign to assist.

The following ladies shall be eligible for membership: Cook-ladies, chamber-ladies, nurse-ladies, parlor-ladies, kitchen-ladies, scrub-ladies and wash-ladies.

Each help-lady, in responding to the appeal of a woman for assistance, must require said woman to produce a certificate from her former help-lady, specifying that she is devoted to her help and pays wages promptly.

In cases where, for any reason, this certificate is not forthcoming, the matter must be referred to the executive committee, which shall have the power to issue such a certificate as the case calls for.

Retiring help-ladies are required to give these certificates to such women as prove themselves worthy of the same.

All help-ladies must receive not less than $5 per week, with board and washing.

They must be provided with a separate bed-room and bath-room.

They must have the best parlor for their exclusive use Sunday afternoons, and also three nights of each week.

They must have three afternoons off during the week; said afternoons to be on other days than the three parlor evenings before provided for.

They must have free access to all the clothes of the employing woman, including bonnets and sealskin sacques.

They must carry all keys to pantry and store-room.

They must be allowed the use of the piano.

They must eat with the family.

They must not be restricted as to their company.

They must not be required to rise before 8 a. m. week days and 9 a. m. Sundays.

They must not be expected to build fires or carry coal. A house-boy must be kept for those purposes.

The employing woman must never enter the kitchen, laundry, or other place which may be the scene of the help-lady's ministrations without a special invitation from said help-lady.

The employing woman shall make no inquiries as to the cost of any provisions which the help-lady may be required to purchase.

The utmost respect to help-ladies must be insisted upon.

The help-lady must leave instantly, and refuse to give the employing woman a certificate of character, if any complaint is made about the cooking.

Any help-lady violating or permitting a violation of these regulations is to be fined $50 for the first offense, and for the second shall be expelled from the order.—*Puck.*

Spreading the Gospel.

"I am picking up all the pins I can find," said Edward Stillwel. "I pays me a penny a hundred, and by the Fourth of July I will have 800 of them, which will make eight cents for my missionary box." "Well," said Bill Jones, coarsely, "what of that?" "Then," replied Edward Stillwel, for it was he, "Mamma says she will give me a quarter to go to the circus. Don't you wish that you might go to the circus also, William?" asked Edward. "Hoh!" was all that Bill Jones said. Because he went to the circus, too, always; attended both performances. Sometimes he carried water for the elephant; in that case he got a 25 cent seat, same as Edward. But as a rule, he preferred to hook under the canvas, because then he got a 50 cent seat, and spent his missionary money for pink lemonade, made of water, moisture and dampness, in equal parts.—*Burdette.*

Fashion Notes From Far Islands.

The island of Johanna, Comoro Islands, has some very peculiar customs. The natives are jet black, but neat and clean. Girls after marriage are not allowed on the streets at all, and can see no one but their husbands. Rich men are allowed four wives, poor men one. When a poor man gets poorer he can sell a half share in his wife for so much money, regulated by law. A native belle, before her marriage, makes a fine display on the fashionable streets of Johanna in this rig: A red calico Mother Hubbard gown, printed with a pattern of banana leaves, reaching to her knees; no shoes or stockings; and, for head gear, a wide-rimmed, blue china tea-cup, worn with the handle on one side for convenience in taking off.—*Boston Journal.*

The Toothsome Caramel.

Although so many of our pleasantest things come from France, the caramel is an American invention of not quite a dozen years' standing. It was not known in Europe till about six years ago; and it is now made there only by one firm of confectioners—a London house. A pint of cream to three pounds of sugar will make a goodly quantity, boiled together, and the flavoring, of whatever desired nature, added when it reaches 260° Fahrenheit. Pour out the mixture then on flat dishes to cool, and as soon as it begins to "set," which is very soon, cut it into little blocks with a sharp blade dipped in cold water. These will be good for some time, and are about as innocent a confection as there is to be found.

The Pope's Robe.

The outward robe of the Pope is red and made from the wool of the lambs of the Convent of St. Agnes, near the Porta Pia. The cloak and the cape are lined with purple and trimmed with go d lace; his sombrero or hat is red and has a gold cord or tassel. Beneath the cloak he wears an alb, made also of wool of the lambs of St. Agnes and which is girt about his waist with a sash of white merino antique garb. Shod with gold fringe. His hands are covered with kid mittens and his feet are burdened with a pair of slippers worn over his ordinary shoes which produce a very awkward appearance.—*New York Epoch.*

Modern Haste.

Nature isn't of very much account in these days. We hustle the poor old dame until she is so tired she can't keep up with the procession. True, we can't make a hen set until she is ready, but we don't care whether she sets at all or not. We have artificial hatcheries, incubators that discount all the hens in America in getting pullets ready for the spring market, and batch out 144 chickens before the liveliest natural hen in the nearest barnyard can get a nest scratched into shape to suit her capricious taste. We hurry nature with hotbeds and we fool her all winter with conservatories, we run past the swiftest birds with our railway trains, we make water run up hill and we take the sting out of lightning with a platinum tip.—*Burdette.*

An Irish Financier.

"I had a rather amusing experience of an Irishman's idea of finance the other day," said a pleasant-faced gentleman to a comrade on the cars this morning. "I know him very well. We met on the street yesterday and he asked for the loan of a quarter. I gave him one, and he then invited me to take a drink. Each drank whisky. He threw down the quarter and received five cents in change. 'Begorra,' said he, 'I wanted to get shaved and I hov only folve cints left. Lend me another quarter, woll yer?' I did so, and again he set 'em up. On receiving his five cents change this time his face bloomed into a bouquet of smiles. 'Ah!' said he, 'I knew there was some way of getting them tin cints.'"—*Philadelphia Call.*

What Kind of a Speech?

"I'm going to speak my mind at that meeting to night, and don't you forget it," said an irate metropolitan clubster to his wife.

"Going to speak it plainly, are you, dear?" she asked quietly.

"Yes, I am; I'm going to speak my mind, my whole mind, and nothing but my mind."

"What a short speech it will be," she said, half to herself, and went on sewing.—*Washington Capital.*

Pity the Poor Mother-in-Law.

In the Islands of New Britain, writes a traveler to the San Francisco *Chronicle*, a man must not speak to his mother-in-law. Not only is speech forbidden to this relative, but she must be avoided if by chance the lady is met the son-in-law must hide himself or cover his face. Suicide of both parties is the outcome if the rule is broken. One of the English missionaries tried to get the natives' ideas of an oath, and he found the most solemn asseveration among them was: If I am not telling the truth I hope I may touch the hand of my mother-in-law

MEDICAL BUREAU.

All diseases treated by mail. Send for circular. Seminal Weakness, etc., a specialty. Give full particulars; advice and opinion free. Medicines by mail at very lowest rates. Address Toledo Medical Bureau, Box 161, Toledo, Ohio.

Publishers' Column.

TO TEMPERANCE WORKERS.

Important and Effective Helps—Two Indispensable Documents.

At the request of thousands of Temperance organizations, we have printed and have ready for delivery, the following important documents:

1. **Does Prohibition Prohibit? Being the truthful result of a tour through Maine, by D. R. Locke, Editor of the Blade. An impartial, truthful presentation of the subject, and every line a fact.**
2. **The Effect of Beer upon the Human System, being the testimony of Ten of the Most Eminent Physicians of Toledo, Ohio, as to the effect of Lager Beer, showing how the use of the stuff affects the various organs of the Human body.**

These documents are printed in eight large pages each, and should be circulated every where in the United States. No more telling matter was ever printed, and no more useful help was ever devised in the great work of "Pulverizing the Rum Power."

Prohibition Committees, Temperance organizations, open and secret, should spread them by the million.

We furnish them at cost of printing, posting, and packing, as follows:

10,000 lots	$30 00
1,000 lots	5 00
500 lots	4 00
100 lots	1 00

Sample dozen, by mail, post-paid, 25 cents. Single copies each, 5 cents.

Order at once and spread the light. If yo want your neighbor to know exactly what Prohibition has done for Maine send for the leaflet on that subject, and if you want him to know what Beer is doing for the world send for the other. Both should be circulated by the million.

Address, (enclosing cash,) BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

Temperance Cartoons—To Temperance Workers and Organizations.

We have published for as near gratuitous circulation as possible, five striking cartoons, illustrating the working of Rum as opposed to Temperance, of which millions have been sold all over the United States. They are intended to instruct the people through the eye. They are as foll

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

MISTRESS EMERGENCY.

X.

"People can get poisoned in a great many different ways," I said, "aside from the bites of insects or snakes. I often wonder that more do not die from such causes than appear to. Of course we often read of these accidents, but they are few compared to the number who are daily passing beyond the veil."

"Those who are poisoned do not always die immediately," she answered. "No doubt many and many that suffer on year after year, with no thought of the origin of their trouble, owe it, in the first place, to a small amount of something which would be death to the physical system taken in larger quantities. Had they known it in time to take an antidote, they might have been saved much pain, and their lives considerably lengthened."

"What should be done when, by mistake, a dangerous amount of something poisonous has been swallowed?"

"Empty the stomach just as quick as possible. This can be done in several different ways, and it is not very important which one is taken, only that its action is prompt and energetic. A teaspoonful of salt and one of ground mustard stirred into a cup of cold water and swallowed instantly, then this followed up with large quantities of warm water will produce vomiting. The water must be taken as fast as it is thrown up, the object being to thoroughly cleanse the stomach. If there should chance to be pain in the bowels, give large enemas of tepid water. This is to dilute the poison as much as possible."

"What is it I have heard about taking the white of an egg?" asked Mrs. Dent.

"That is given both to produce vomiting, and as an antidote to any remnants of the poison that might not be thrown up," she answered. "Of course different things require some variation of treatment but the main object in all cases is, as I said before, to empty the stomach without delay, while a doctor should be sent for at once. It is well though to understand some things about individual poisons, as a doctor cannot always be had immediately. For instance in case of an overdose of opium, morphine, or laudanum, after the stomach has been cleared by an emetic, active stimulants must be given, for that is one of the cases when it is not safe to sleep for some hours after the accident. I should advise you to get some reliable work upon poisons, and study the symptoms of the different kinds, so that you may know what it is best to do. Of course I have only told you the requisite general treatment."

Mrs. Dent and I were writing away in our note books, when she looked up with a long drawn sigh.

"What is that for?" I asked.

"I was thinking that this small head of mine would never carry all this information as Mary's does. What a blessing these little note books are for people whose memories are apt to fail them at critical moments, as mine would be sure to do. Don't look such disapproval, cousin mine. I am going to try to make all this knowleege a part of my personal possessions, but if I fail, this little book will be a treasure to fall back upon."

Just then Mary arose to close the blinds, through which the sun was streaming with a feverish heat that seemed to belong to midsummer.

"I like the sunshine," she said, "but too much or ever so good a thing may prove oppressive, and a sunstroke, when I was quite a young girl, has made me very susceptible to ill effects from its rays. Even in the house, in certain states of the atmosphere, I feel it, and suppose I shall to the end of my life."

"How did it happen?" I asked.

"I scarcely know," she answered, "or rather I could never quite understand why it should have occurred just at that time. It did not seem to me that I was out any longer or that the sun was any hotter than often before. I had been walking a good deal, but was not conscious of any more discomfort than I had experienced many other times. I suppose that my physical condition was not as good as usual, and therefore yielded the more readily, but however it was, I know that another such experience would be likely to be the death of me."

"How did you feel?" I asked.

"I was very faint, she answered," and had a terrible distress in my head. They told me afterwards that my pulse was feeble, and my skin cold and clammy."

"What was done for you?"

"Fortunately for me I was almost home, so that I was taken thither at once and placed where it was cool and shaded from the sun, then my head was bathed in cold water and ice was put on the top of it and kept there. A stimulant was given to me, and after at time I began to come back to a natura condition. I was sick, however, for several days after, being handled something like cholera morbus. The doctor told me then, that I had probably acquired what would stay by me for a lifetime, and so far I have found it true. I always feel like begging my friends most earnestly, not to expose themselves needlessly for a long time to the sun in hot weather, and to be careful about over exertion. Days when it is very damp are more dangerous than dry ones, and contradictory as it may seem, a stroke exactly like that received in the sun is possible when it is not shining at all. I suppose we might call it a heat stroke."

"Don't people sometimes fall insensible," I asked. "Surely I have often read of such cases."

"Yes, and they are in much more danger than when handled as I was. Indeed, such strokes are quite certain to prove fatal. The skin of the patient is very dry and hot, his breathing short and quick, and sometimes convulsions set in. So you may imagine there must be prompt action. The person must be carried to a cool place, where there is plenty of air, and where it is perfectly quiet. The clothing should be taken off and the whole body rubbed with ice from head to foot, while ice is kept upon the head and under the armpits. If consciousness returns, the treatment should be the same as in the other case, but as you may readily believe, the sooner some good doctor is obtained the better."

"How strange it seems to me," I exclaimed, "that what is longed for as is the sunshine and its warmth, at one time, should, at another, produce such sad results. Nothing could live without the sun's light and heat, or if anything does, it is only a sort of half life, which is not worth living."

"I think it is one of the lessons which we are to learn, that without temperance in all things we cannot prosper, for even the beautiful, golden sunshine may pour such a wealth of radiance upon our poor bodies that they fall beneath its power. We are so apt to forget that good gifts may be abused, and when they are, we must suffer."

Just at this moment Mrs. Dent, who had been called out of the room for a moment, returned.

"There is one thing more of poisons, Mary, that I want to ask about, and that is as to the effect which this running vine, called poison ivy, produces. My little Clara can go nowhere near it without her face and hands beginning to swell, while the skin smarts and burns in a most intolerable way. What is best to be done for her under such circumstances?"

"I know of nothing better than to bathe the infected parts with a strong solution of soda. That cools them off, and the alkali is an antidote to the acid of the poison. A Southern physician who has had a wide experience in this direction wrote to the *Medical Record* that he had found a solution of sulphate of copper, commonly called bluestone, used in the same way, the best remedy. Either is excellent.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

To be continued.

Fancy Work and Household Decoration.

Stand Cover.—Take a square of plush of some dark, rich color, or velvet, if preferred. In the center have some conventional pattern stamped that can be done in tinsel. Now take a strip of common blue and white bed-ticking, three or four inches wide, and sew it to the plush as a border. Cover the stripes with fancy stitches, done in gay embroidery silks, giving a sort of Persian effect. Line the cover with Surah silk of a contrasting color with the plush and put balls or ornaments around the edge. The result will be very pretty.

Send 25 cents to Miss Emily S Bouton, Toledo, O., for "Fancy Work and House Decoration. The summer days are good for making pretty things.

Painting on China—These instructions are intended for persons who have had no experience in the beautiful art of painting on china, and hence will necessarily be strictly elementary.

First, we must know what materials and utensils are needed, and second how to use them.

Some instructors will tell a novice in the art that a complete outfit will cost no more than $10 or $12, but few persons desire to pay quite so much for the first experiment. We will try to simplify the matter somewhat for the beginner:

First, Lacroix's vitrifiable colors in tubes, like ordinary oil paints except the tubes are smaller, are considered the best by the most experienced artists. The water colors put up for painting on china do not fire as well. There is a long list of these paints, but if you are to pursue but a single branch of this beautiful art your palette will need only to correspond to the work you desire to do. For instance, if you are to paint flowers only, you will not need the colors used in a palette portraiture and *vice versa*.

A list of colors for flower painting may be about as follows: 1. The blues, sky blue and deep blue. 2 The yellows, orange yellow, mixing yellow and jonquil yellow. 3d. The reds, capucine red, orange red and deep red No. 2. Then some of the mixed or broken colors, as apple green, a pretty and much used green; also grass green No. 5 and brown green No 6, deep red brown, dark carmine, deep purple and golden violet, and permanent white. The above list is all sufficient for a beginner.

Next, the brushes needed. Brushes that are used in water-color painting may be used on china, also small camel's-hair brushes, with square end, are used for blending the colors. For larger work larger blenders are necessary. A square of glass on which to place the colors and to mix them.

A large bottle of spirits of turpentine, and a bottle of lavender oil, and one of alcohol. You should have two palette knives, one of steel and one of horn. The steel knife is not to be used to work down the paints whose bases are not of iron, as the result will be less satisfactory after the firing. I cannot go into particulars in this lesson, but will make it plainer at some future time. Of course the young artist will learn much by experience. But to conclude our list of needed articles. A rest for the hand while painting is indispensable. It is easily made by taking a bit of wood and fastening a small upright piece at either end, so that the plate, saucer, or whatever you wish to work on can be slipped under it, and your hand can rest above your work.

You will need a fine needle to remove particles of dust should they chance to fall upon your work, for it is very essential that you be very nice about dust, etc., as it will mar the painting, becoming painfully perceptible after it is fired. The last article that we will mention as needed to complete the list is something on which to paint. A small sized plate of Haviland's French China is best, or something that will be as easily painted. In our next we will try to tell them something of the manner of using the articles mentioned above.

Will some reader of the BLADE HOUSEHOLD please give a reliable recipe for indelible ink, to be used on cotton and linen fabrics—one that is simple and easily made?—L. M., Rochester, N. Y.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—ch, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; ci ch st, close chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; ci st, shell stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

Vine Insertion.—Materials—Three balls of No. 70, white or cream color, real Scotch linen crochet thread. Two No. 16 or 17 steel needles. An apron with a wide hem and this insertion placed above is very pretty, or three strips combined with velvet and ribbon, the insertion with fringe tied in and the ribbon with tassels added, make a pretty tidy. For the latter cream color thread is best.

Cast on 26 stitches, knit across plain once. 1st row—sl 1—1 p—(m 1—narrow) twice—m 1—1 p—m 1—2 p—n—4 p—n—2 p—(m 1—sl 1—1 p—pass slipped stitch over) 3 times—k 1 plain; 2d row—this and all even rows are seamed; 3rd row—sl 1—1 p—(m 1—n) twice—m 1—3 p—m 1—(2 p—n) twice—2 p—(m 1—sl 1—1 p—pass slipped stitch over) 3 times—k 1 plain; 5th row—sl 1—1 p—(m 1—n) twice—m 1—5 p—m 1—2 p—n—n—2 p—(m 1—sl 1—1 p—pass slipped stitch over) 3 times—k 1 plain; 7th row—sl 1—sl 1 p—pass slip stitch over—(m 1—sl 1—1 p—pass slipped stitch over) twice—m 1—2 p—n—4 p—n—2 p—m 1—1 p—(m 1—n) twice—m 1—2 p. 9th row—Sl 1—sl 1—1 p—pass slipped stitch over—(m 1—sl 1—1 p—pass slipped stitch over) twice—m 1—(2 p—n) twice—3 p—(m 1—n) twice—m 1—2 p. 11th row—sl 1—sl 1—1 p—pass slipped stitch over—(m 1—sl 1—1 p—pass slipped stitch over) twice—m 1—2 p—n—2 p—m 1—5 p—(m 1—n) twice—m 1—2 p. 12th row—Seamed. Repeat from first row.—EVA M. NILES, East Gloucester, Mass.

Crocheted Watch Pocket.—Two weeks ago a reader of the BLADE asked for a pattern for knitted watch pocket. I have one for a crocheted one which I think is very pretty. It can be made of linen or any color of buttonhole twist to match any dress. It will require two spools of twist. The directions are as follows:

1st row—Make a chain of six stitches and join in a ring and fill with 24 double crochet. 2nd row—3 ch—2 d c in 2nd d c of 1st row—2 ch—2 d c—2 ch—1 d c—skipping 1st of previous row—1 ch—1 d c into same stitch with last d c—* 2 ch—1 d c—skipping 1—2 c h—1 d c—skipping 1—1 ch—1 d c into same stitch as last d c—repeat from * to the end of the row. 3d row—14 s c over previous row until you come to shell of 1 d c—1 ch and 1 d c—then make shell of 2 d c—1 ch—2 d c in the shell of previous row * 2 ch—1 d c—caught into d c of previous row—2 ch—then shell 2 d c—with 1 ch and 2 d c on shell—repeat from * to end of row. 4th row—14 s c over previous s c—then make shell on shell of * 3 d c and 1 ch—3 d c—then 4 ch—1 d c on d c—repeat from * to the end of the row—5th, 6th and 7th rows are made the same, increasing the shells in each row by 2 d c—the 7th row having 3 ch in center of shell instead of 2 ch. 8th row—over the 14 s c make 4 scallops of 5 d c—with 1 s c between each scallop—then make large shells of 15 d c over each row of shells and 2 small scallops of 7 d c between the large shells. I hope this is plain, as it is very easily made.—MRS. S. DIENS.

Correspondence.

FROM MEG MERRILIES.—The fame of Riverside is due no less to the excellence of its oranges and raisins than to the extremely healthful climate, since both are in great measure owing to the same cause, the mild, dry, pure atmosphere, being sufficiently near the coast to receive the benefit of the refreshing sea breezes after they have been robbed of their dampness, which is so injurious alike to weak invalids and citrus fruits (by causing smut, blight, scale, etc.,) from all of which Riverside groves are exempt.)

As it is impossible to give a private reply to the hundreds of letters now pouring in upon us, (even though all now enclose one, and occasionally several stamps), we will give a brief description of points not before mentioned, and beg our readers to study our printed letters more carefully, and not write asking information already given—as "is the climate beneficial for weak lungs, asthma?. Is there any work a woman can do?" etc. All this I have written in previous letters, and the editor will not care to give space for too much repetition.

Riverside is situated 60 miles east from Los Angeles, 750 in a direct line from coast) in an elevated valley, 900 feet above sea-level, surrounded by mountains, on some of whose peaks snow is visible throughout the year. The climate is mild and universally conceded to be one of the best places in the state for all bronchial or pulmonary disorders. The heat of summer being tempered by sea-breezes is never prostrating as in the East. Sunstroke is unknown.

Sometimes at mid-day the heat is too great for comfort, but a man can work the hottest days we have here with no fear of prostration. The nights are always cool and refreshing.

It is always cool in the shade. Housekeepers make their butter into rolls here the year round without ice. Our letters being written for the benefit of those who are mostly interested in the "bread and butter" side of the question, we have not attempted any description of the mere beauties of the place, not even to mention Magnolia avenue, two hundred and thirty feet wide, with a row of the graceful pepper trees, with fern-like leaves and crimson berries planted in the center, and either side the broad double drives are lined with pan palms, grevilla, magnolia, eucalyptus, or other beautiful evergreens, extending for miles down the valley through one succession of magnificent groves and vinyards, past stately mansions of millionaires and tiny vine-covered cottages of less wealthy residents, either of which have a profusion of roses and other flowers that proves as rich a feast to the eyes of our thousands of winter visitors as does the luscious oranges to their palates. The number of wealthy residents here who hire all improvements made, is one of the reasons why Riverside offers superior inducements to the laboring people whose services are always in demand at very remunerative rates, so that while land is high there is always money to be had in return for their labor the year round, and men, women and children can all find employment by which they can add to the family exchequer. Boys and girls from twelve to fifteen can often earn as much as a man at packing oranges and raisins, as such work is paid by the box. So it is quite possibe for a family of "limited means," if industrious and ecouomical, to become possessed of a comfortable home here. Prices for both male and female help were given in a previous letter.

Concerning lands, there is every conceivable quality of land and as great a diversity of prices, ranging from a few dollars up to several thousands of dollars per acre, according to what improvements it has, where located, its adaption, etc. Fruit lands are most valuable and are irrigated; grain and stock lands are not. Fruit, grain and stock growing are each a separate industry. Mixed farming is not practiced. All kinds of vegetables are plenty and cheap. Two crops of potatoes can be grown annually, planting in January or February and July or August. Alfalfa yields from eight to ten tons of hay per acre per annum, being cut from seven to eight times annually, and being nutritious for stock the year round. The colony is laid out in blocks of one-half mile square, these blocks being divided into lots of from five to twenty acres which gives it the appearance of being the suburbs of a city.

The whole colony is incorporated as a city. The butcher, baker, grocer and vegetable delivery wagons drive through the colony daily, so those living eight or ten miles distant have the privileges of the town. Of professional people, especially doctors, there is an over supply. If, however, you have a trade or calling, people of either sex will find plenty of employment at good wages. Demand for mechanics greater than the supply, as an immense amount of building is going on, additions to the town being platted, and new towns being built along the railroads.

The early spring is a good time to come. We would advise those having but little means not to be in too great haste to purchase on arrival. Better work for wages awhile until you learn just what you want, and be wary of real estate agents. Seek advice of settlers.

Omitting all flowery speech we have tried to make every sentence answer some of the many queries we receive from all classes of people, but space necessitates omitting many important points. Your letters are all read with interest and sympathy, and were i a "lady of leisure" would gladly answer all, but the extra stamp or two occasionally enclosed would not fee a secretary or servant at California wages, so can no longer do so. If the editor will kindly allow us room for an occasional letter in answer to your inquiries, we will try and take time to write it, but except, possibly, a few exceptional cases, we cannot give private answers to each. We have been candid in our statements, and they can be verified. We have no motive in attempting to deceive or mislead. One who came through reading our letters, after he had been here a few months said: "I had rather be here without a dollar in my purse than to own 600 acres of the best land in Kansas. All my family can be earning good wages and we do not have to consume in winter all we earn in summer, and this soil and climate beats anything in the world." We heartily appreciate the kindly expressions of some who have written us, and if more leisure ever arrives we may accede to their requests, but for the present we must bid you a kind adieu.—MEG MERRILES.

FLOWERS.—MRS. L——, of New York, asks what sized pots to use for geraniums, also if changing the pots while the plants are in bloom will stop the growing and the blooming? The size of the pots must be governed by the size of the plants. If a plant becomes pot-bound, shift it into a pot one or two sizes larger. This may be done without injury to the roots or stopping the growing of the plant by first watering the plant. Then loosen the soil from the pot with an old broad ribbon with tassels added, make a pretty tidy. For the latter cream color thread is best.

Can some of the HOUSEHOLD give a good recipe for making pepper sauce?—READER.

Would some one that has been benefited by the milk weed or silk root please report to BLADE for the benefit of other sufferers of dyspepsia? I sent it to several, and some write me that it has helped them more than anything they ever took.—B.

Will some one please give me instruction for making deep rick-rack? I mean the kind that is crocheted. Also tell how to make buttonhole called "Dark Eyes."

Will you please ask the ladies of your department if any of them have the directions that I sent some months ago for crocheting an Afghan "star stitch?" I lent my copy and it has been lost, and I have forgotten one or two points in it. If any have it, and will lend it to me to copy, I shall be very much obliged, and will pay all postage and return it safely.

Elma S. Barnes, where are you? Do those three little ones keep you so busy that you don't have time to think of your old friends?—FLORA B. CRANDALL, Farmington, Conn.

Will some kind readers of the BLADE send to the HOUSEHOLD department directions for crocheting the toboggan cape with the star stitch?—HATTIE.

Will you please ask "Carrie" or "Clara" if she will send her cake recipe to my address, as the one sent from the BLADE got lost, and you do not care to reprint it?—N. M. TOWNSEND, Thomson, Carlton County, Missouri.

Will some one please tell me how I can bleach hair so it will be grey—also how to dye switches a darker color?—A READER.

Will some one please inform me what will banish freckles from the face, or is lemon juice a good, sure cure?

I would like to take a little colored girl to raise, age from 10 to 14 years. I would give her a good home in a family of two. There is lots of poor children that have no home. I feel sorry for them, and wish I could give them all one. If any of the readers of the good old BLADE know of any such, they would do me a favor. Address MRS. M B., box 295, Fairfield, Illinois.

Will "Naomi" please tell me a little more about covering the stool that she gave directions for in HOUSEHOLD of BLADE Jan. 13th. After telling how to get the zephyr ready on wire, you say that chainstitch is nice for roses, and Kensington stitch for buds. Where do you use the chainstitch? Do you make part of the flowers with the zephyr unspliced on wire and part chainstitch? Will you please explain? I should like so much to know how. Do you make the leaves and stems the same as you make the flowers? I will give my address, and will send stamp if you will send directions to me, or if you prefer, send them through the HOUSEHOLD.—MRS. G. W. JONES, 84 Washington county, Pa.

Answers to Inquiries.

Please tell "Alma Boucher," through the columns of the HOUSEHOLD, if she will send her address to Mrs. J. E. Perkins, of Hector, Renville county, Minnesota, I will send her directions for knitting silk or linen mitts, as it is too long to ask anyone to publish it.

To remove grease from silk.—If "Mrs. J. W. R." will rub the spot with a rag wet with gasoline, she will find the spot gone in short order.

Tell "Amy" to rub her zinc with a solution of salt and vinegar.—MRS. W. A. DEVENDORF, Wolsey, Dak.

If the lady that has the baby with the sore face will steep the herb called Princess pine in water, sweeten with loaf-sugar, and give her a tablespoonful, very strong, six times a day, wash with carbolic soap, and anoint with thick sweet cream, it will cure her. I cured one of my children, that had it so badly in the hollow of his legs that they were drawing up so he could hardly walk. It is a sure cure for scrofula, also.—MRS. L. Brown, Colin Run, Fairfax county, Virginia.

In the HOUSEHOLD of April 28 there was an offer of free pink seeds by "Mrs. Diana M.," of Ellington, N. Y. I at once sent a self-addressed stamped envelope, enclosed in a "return request" envelope, and requested the lady to send me some of the seeds. I have waited over a month, but no seeds yet.

In the HOUSEHOLD of May 19, MRS. S. E. Montgomery—no address—asks, where to get seeds of the ground cherry—There are two varieties of the ground cherry, or "shuck tomato." Some seedmen offer seeds of the purple or larger variety. They grow about as large as walnuts, but I cannot imagine what use they can be put to. The smaller or yellow variety grow about as large as cherries; are a bright yellow when fully ripe; are very good to eat; make a fine sauce, and are nice for canning. They require about the same culture as tomatoes. They drop from the vines and ripen on the ground. I have never seen the seed offered for sale. Would be glad to get or give a few. Where grown one season there will be an abundance of plants the next season.—A. D. P. YOUNG, Ashtabula, O.

Tell "Morning Star" while her lemon pies are baking to stir the whites of her eggs saved for the purpose to a stiff froth, and stir in two tablespoonfuls of white sugar. When the pies are done spread this frosting evenly over this and set again in the oven to brown slightly. She will find this all right.—MRS. L. J. LANGHAM.

Mamie Chandler, Salem, Neb.: Use hot, strong salt water baths for paralysis. I took a cloth wrung out of the salt water, bathing the entire body, afterwards rubbing the body, arms and limbs with a flesh-brush (a coarse towel will do) every evening before retiring. Of course the side paralyzed needs the most rubbing.

Knitting.—Knit 2, seam-1, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; ci ch st, close chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; ci st, shell stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

Vine Insertion.—Materials—Three balls of No. 70, white or cream color, real Scotch linen crochet thread. Two No. 16 or 17 steel needles. An apron with a wide hem and this insertion placed above is very pretty, or three strips combined with velvet and ribbon, the insertion with fringe tied in and the ribbon with tassels added, make a pretty tidy. For the latter cream color thread is best.

Cast on 26 stitches, knit across plain once. 1st row—sl 1—1 p—(m 1—narrow) twice—m 1—1 p—m 1—2 p—n—4 p—n—2 p—(m 1—sl 1—1 p—pass slipped stitch over) 3 times—k 1 plain; 2d row—this and all even rows are seamed; 3rd row—sl 1—1 p—(m 1—n) twice—m 1—3 p—m 1—(2 p—n) twice—2 p—(m 1—sl 1—1 p—pass slipped stitch over) 3 times—k 1 plain; 5th row—sl 1—1 p—(m 1—n) twice—m 1—5 p—m 1—2 p—n—n—2 p—(m 1—sl 1—1 p—pass slipped stitch over) 3 times—k 1 plain; 7th row—sl 1—sl 1 p—pass slip stitch over—(m 1—sl 1—1 p—pass slipped stitch over) twice—m 1—2 p—n—4 p—n—2 p—m 1—1 p—(m 1—n) twice—m 1—2 p. 9th row—Sl 1—sl 1—1 p—pass slipped stitch over—(m 1—sl 1—1 p—pass slipped stitch over) twice—m 1—(2 p—n) twice—3 p—(m 1—n) twice—m 1—2 p. 11th row—sl 1—sl 1—1 p—pass slipped stitch over—(m 1—sl 1—1 p—pass slipped stitch over) twice—m 1—2 p—n—2 p—m 1—5 p—(m 1—n) twice—m 1—2 p. 12th row—Seamed. Repeat from first row.—EVA M. NILES, East Gloucester, Mass.

Crocheted Watch Pocket.—Two weeks ago a reader of the BLADE asked for a pattern for knitted watch pocket. I have one for a crocheted one which I think is very pretty. It can be made of linen or any color of buttonhole twist to match any dress. It will require two spools of twist. The directions are as follows:

1st row—Make a chain of six stitches and join in a ring and fill with 24 double crochet. 2nd row—3 ch—2 d c in 2nd d c of 1st row—2 ch—2 d c—2 ch—1 d c—skipping 1st of previous row—1 ch—1 d c into same stitch with last d c—* 2 ch—1 d c—skipping 1—2 c h—1 d c—skipping 1—1 ch—1 d c into same stitch as last d c—repeat from * to the end of the row. 3d row—14 s c over previous row until you come to shell of 1 d c—1 ch and 1 d c—then make shell of 2 d c—1 ch—2 d c in the shell of previous row * 2 ch—1 d c—caught into d c of previous row—2 ch—then shell 2 d c—with 1 ch and 2 d c on shell—repeat from * to end of row. 4th row—14 s c over previous s c—then make shell on shell of * 3 d c and 1 ch—3 d c—then 4 ch—1 d c on d c—repeat from * to the end of the row—5th, 6th and 7th rows are made the same, increasing the shells in each row by 2 d c—the 7th row having 3 ch in center of shell instead of 2 ch. 8th row—over the 14 s c make 4 scallops of 5 d c—with 1 s c between each scallop—then make large shells of 15 d c over each row of shells and 2 small scallops of 7 d c between the large shells. I hope this is plain, as it is very easily made.—MRS. S. DIENS.

Correspondence.

FROM MEG MERRILIES.—The fame of Riverside is due no less to the excellence of its oranges and raisins than to the extremely healthful climate, since both are in great measure owing to the same cause, the mild, dry, pure atmosphere, being sufficiently near the coast to receive the benefit of the refreshing sea breezes after they have been robbed of their dampness, which is so injurious alike to weak invalids and citrus fruits (by causing smut, blight, scale, etc.,) from all of which Riverside groves are exempt.)

As it is impossible to give a private reply to the hundreds of letters now pouring in upon us, (even though all now enclose one, and occasionally several stamps), we will give a brief description of points not before mentioned, and beg our readers to study our printed letters more carefully, and not write asking information already given—as "is the climate beneficial for weak lungs, asthma?. Is there any work a woman can do?" etc. All this I have written in previous letters, and the editor will not care to give space for too much repetition.

Riverside is situated 60 miles east from Los Angeles, 750 in a direct line from coast) in an elevated valley, 900 feet above sea-level, surrounded by mountains, on some of whose peaks snow is visible throughout the year. The climate is mild and universally conceded to be one of the best places in the state for all bronchial or pulmonary disorders. The heat of summer being tempered by sea-breezes is never prostrating as in the East. Sunstroke is unknown.

Sometimes at mid-day the heat is too great for comfort, but a man can work the hottest days we have here with no fear of prostration. The nights are always cool and refreshing.

It is always cool in the shade. Housekeepers make their butter into rolls here the year round without ice. Our letters being written for the benefit of those who are mostly interested in the "bread and butter" side of the question, we have not attempted any description of the mere beauties of the place, not even to mention Magnolia avenue, two hundred and thirty feet wide, with a row of the graceful pepper trees, with fern-like leaves and crimson berries planted in the center, and either side the broad double drives are lined with pan palms, grevilla, magnolia, eucalyptus, or other beautiful evergreens, extending for miles down the valley through one succession of magnificent groves and vinyards, past stately mansions of millionaires and tiny vine-covered cottages of less wealthy residents, either of which have a profusion of roses and other flowers that proves as rich a feast to the eyes of our thousands of winter visitors as does the luscious oranges to their palates. The number of wealthy residents here who hire all improvements made, is one of the reasons why Riverside offers superior inducements to the laboring people whose services are always in demand at very remunerative rates, so that while land is high there is always money to be had in return for their labor the year round, and men, women and children can all find employment by which they can add to the family exchequer. Boys and girls from twelve to fifteen can often earn as much as a man at packing oranges and raisins, as such work is paid by the box. So it is quite possibe for a family of "limited means," if industrious and ecouomical, to become possessed of a comfortable home here. Prices for both male and female help were given in a previous letter.

Concerning lands, there is every conceivable quality of land and as great a diversity of prices, ranging from a few dollars up to several thousands of dollars per acre, according to what improvements it has, where located, its adaption, etc. Fruit lands are most valuable and are irrigated; grain and stock lands are not. Fruit, grain and stock growing are each a separate industry. Mixed farming is not practiced. All kinds of vegetables are plenty and cheap. Two crops of potatoes can be grown annually, planting in January or February and July or August. Alfalfa yields from eight to ten tons of hay per acre per annum, being cut from seven to eight times annually, and being nutritious for stock the year round. The colony is laid out in blocks of one-half mile square, these blocks being divided into lots of from five to twenty acres which gives it the appearance of being the suburbs of a city.

The whole colony is incorporated as a city. The butcher, baker, grocer and vegetable delivery wagons drive through the colony daily, so those living eight or ten miles distant have the privileges of the town. Of professional people, especially doctors, there is an over supply. If, however, you have a trade or calling, people of either sex will find plenty of employment at good wages. Demand for mechanics greater than the supply, as an immense amount of building is going on, additions to the town being platted, and new towns being built along the railroads.

The early spring is a good time to come. We would advise those having but little means not to be in too great haste to purchase on arrival. Better work for wages awhile until you learn just what you want, and be wary of real estate agents. Seek advice of settlers.

Omitting all flowery speech we have tried to make every sentence answer some of the many queries we receive from all classes of people, but space necessitates omitting many important points. Your letters are all read with interest and sympathy, and were i a "lady of leisure" would gladly answer all, but the extra stamp or two occasionally enclosed would not fee a secretary or servant at California wages, so can no longer do so. If the editor will kindly allow us room for an occasional letter in answer to your inquiries, we will try and take time to write it, but except, possibly, a few exceptional cases, we cannot give private answers to each. We have been candid in our statements, and they can be verified. We have no motive in attempting to deceive or mislead. One who came through reading our letters, after he had been here a few months said: "I had rather be here without a dollar in my purse than to own 600 acres of the best land in Kansas. All my family can be earning good wages and we do not have to consume in winter all we earn in summer, and this soil and climate beats anything in the world." We heartily appreciate the kindly expressions of some who have written us, and if more leisure ever arrives we may accede to their requests, but for the present we must bid you a kind adieu.—MEG MERRILES.

FLOWERS.—MRS. L——, of New York, asks what sized pots to use for geraniums, also if changing the pots while the plants are in bloom will stop the growing and the blooming? The size of the pots must be governed by the size of the plants. If a plant becomes pot-bound, shift it into a pot one or two sizes larger. This may be done without injury to the roots or stopping the growing of the plant by first watering the plant. Then loosen the soil from the pot with an old broad ribbon with tassels added, make a pretty tidy. For the latter cream color thread is best.

Can some of the HOUSEHOLD give a good recipe for making pepper sauce?—READER.

Would some one that has been benefited by the milk weed or silk root please report to BLADE for the benefit of other sufferers of dyspepsia? I sent it to several, and some write me that it has helped them more than anything they ever took.—B.

Will some one please give me instruction for making deep rick-rack? I mean the kind that is crocheted. Also tell how to make buttonhole called "Dark Eyes."

Will you please ask the ladies of your department if any of them have the directions that I sent some months ago for crocheting an Afghan "star stitch?" I lent my copy and it has been lost, and I have forgotten one or two points in it. If any have it, and will lend it to me to copy, I shall be very much obliged, and will pay all postage and return it safely.

Elma S. Barnes, where are you? Do those three little ones keep you so busy that you don't have time to think of your old friends?—FLORA B. CRANDALL, Farmington, Conn.

Will some kind readers of the BLADE send to the HOUSEHOLD department directions for crocheting the toboggan cape with the star stitch?—HATTIE.

Will you please ask "Carrie" or "Clara" if she will send her cake recipe to my address, as the one sent from the BLADE got lost, and you do not care to reprint it?—N. M. TOWNSEND, Thomson, Carlton County, Missouri.

Will some one please tell me how I can bleach hair so it will be grey—also how to dye switches a darker color?—A READER.

Will some one please inform me what will banish freckles from the face, or is lemon juice a good, sure cure?

I would like to take a little colored girl to raise, age from 10 to 14 years. I would give her a good home in a family of two. There is lots of poor children that have no home. I feel sorry for them, and wish I could give them all one. If any of the readers of the good old BLADE know of any such, they would do me a favor. Address MRS. M B., box 295, Fairfield, Illinois.

Will "Naomi" please tell me a little more about covering the stool that she gave directions for in HOUSEHOLD of BLADE Jan. 13th. After telling how to get the zephyr ready on wire, you say that chainstitch is nice for roses, and Kensington stitch for buds. Where do you use the chainstitch? Do you make part of the flowers with the zephyr unspliced on wire and part chainstitch? Will you please explain? I should like so much to know how. Do you make the leaves and stems the same as you make the flowers? I will give my address, and will send stamp if you will send directions to me, or if you prefer, send them through the HOUSEHOLD.—MRS. G. W. JONES, 84 Washington county, Pa.

Answers to Inquiries.

Please tell "Alma Boucher," through the columns of the HOUSEHOLD, if she will send her address to Mrs. J. E. Perkins, of Hector, Renville county, Minnesota, I will send her directions for knitting silk or linen mitts, as it is too long to ask anyone to publish it.

To remove grease from silk.—If "Mrs. J. W. R." will rub the spot with a rag wet with gasoline, she will find the spot gone in short order.

Tell "Amy" to rub her zinc with a solution of salt and vinegar.—MRS. W. A. DEVENDORF, Wolsey, Dak.

If the lady that has the baby with the sore face will steep the herb called Princess pine in water, sweeten with loaf-sugar, and give her a tablespoonful, very strong, six times a day, wash with carbolic soap, and anoint with thick sweet cream, it will cure her. I cured one of my children, that had it so badly in the hollow of his legs that they were drawing up so he could hardly walk. It is a sure cure for scrofula, also.—MRS. L. Brown, Colin Run, Fairfax county, Virginia.

In the HOUSEHOLD of April 28 there was an offer of free pink seeds by "Mrs. Diana M.," of Ellington, N. Y. I at once sent a self-addressed stamped envelope, enclosed in a "return request" envelope, and requested the lady to send me some of the seeds. I have waited over a month, but no seeds yet.

In the HOUSEHOLD of May 19, MRS. S. E. Montgomery—no address—asks, where to get seeds of the ground cherry—There are two varieties of the ground cherry, or "shuck tomato." Some seedmen offer seeds of the purple or larger variety. They grow about as large as walnuts, but I cannot imagine what use they can be put to. The smaller or yellow variety grow about as large as cherries; are a bright yellow when fully ripe; are very good to eat; make a fine sauce, and are nice for canning. They require about the same culture as tomatoes. They drop from the vines and ripen on the ground. I have never seen the seed offered for sale. Would be glad to get or give a few. Where grown one season there will be an abundance of plants the next season.—A. D. P. YOUNG, Ashtabula, O.

Tell "Morning Star" while her lemon pies are baking to stir the whites of her eggs saved for the purpose to a stiff froth, and stir in two tablespoonfuls of white sugar. When the pies are done spread this frosting evenly over this and set again in the oven to brown slightly. She will find this all right.—MRS. L. J. LANGHAM.

Mamie Chandler, Salem, Neb.: Use hot, strong salt water baths for paralysis. I took a cloth wrung out of the salt water, bathing the entire body, afterwards rubbing the body, arms and limbs with a flesh-brush (a coarse towel will do) every evening before retiring. Of course the side paralyzed needs the most rubbing.

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The Farm.

Information Wanted.

P. L. N., New Richmond: We think the trouble with your horse's legs is not of a serious nature. Perhaps his blood is a little thin, and the circulation languid, causing his ankles to swell while in the stable. Give him gentle exercise, good grooming, and good hay and oats, and a fair quantity of grass. Give him half a drachm of citrate of iron and ammonia three times a day, either dissolved in drinking water or sprinkled on the feed. After giving this for about four days, give him this: Venice turpentine, three ounces; oil of juniper, two drachms; powdered resin, nine ounces; powdered nitre, six ounces; hard dried soap, six ounces. Melt the resin, soap and turpentine together, and when cooling, stir in the juniper and nitre. For 24 boluses, one or two for a horse.—Ed.

Arthun Jonnsrcn, Dakota—As regards the teeth of a horse as an indication of age, at five years of age a horse has 40 teeth—24 molar or jaw teeth, 12 incisors or front teeth, between the molars and incisors; but usually wanting in the mare. At birth only two nippers, or middle incisors, appear. At a year old, the incisors are all visible on the first or milk set. Before three years, the permanent nippers have come through. At four years old, the permanent dividers, next to the nippers are cut. At five, the mouth is perfect, the second set of teeth having been completed. At six, the hollow under the upper, called the mark, has disappeared from the nippers, and diminished in the dividers. At seven, the mark has disappeared from the dividers, and the teeth corners are level, though showing the mark. At eight the mark has gone from the corners and the horse is said to be aged. After this time—indeed good authorities say that after five years the age of the horse can only be conjectured. But the teeth gradually change their form, incisors becoming round, oval, and triangular.

W. R. A., Illinois—We agree with you that it would be a good thing to have eggs sold by the pound. This would give a proper recompense to those who interest themselves in raising fine bred fowls.—Ed.]

A. W. C., Illinois.—The Cleveland bay horses are imported from England. As to the circle around the moon, as the moisture in the air increases the moon casting longer rays through its dimness causes what is familiarly known as a circle. It is an accepted idea among many people that the fewer stars there are inside the circle of the moon the sooner it will rain. If there are four stars, it will be four days, if three, three days, and so on down. But there is an old and trite saying that "all signs fail in dry weather." To give a proper idea of bookkeeping for farmers would require tables and space that would exclude answers to information wanted in the space allowed us in a single issue of the BLADE. You will understand by examing the BLADE that there are several departments, each one of which must be served within reasonable limits.—Ed.]

William Fenton, Wisconsin—The cure for founder in 24 hours that you ask for is as follows: There is nothing new in it. Boil or steam stout oat straw for half an hour, then wrap it around the horse's leg quite hot; cover up with wet woolen rags to keep in the steam. In six hours renew the application. Take one gallon of blood from the neck vein, and give one quart of linseed oil. The man who gives this recipe to the public says the horse may be worked the next day.—Ed.

P. J. T., Kansas—Mexican Mustang Liniment is given in Moore's work as, petroleum, olive oil and carbonate of ammonia, each equal parts, and mix.—Ed.

J. B. T., Marion, N. Y.—There are three kinds of millet—Pearl, German and Hungarian. The Hungarian you speak of, may be sown from May to July. Height two to three feet; strong foliage and slender head. Will stand drought and yields well on light soils. The best time to cut sunflower stalks for fuel is when the seeds ripen. "Are state experimental stations any benefit?" may be readily answered in the affirmative. At times there is fault found with certain things done, but it must be remembered that experiments made at agricultural experimental stations cannot always prove satisfactory. A great deal of hard work is frequently done in experiments that have resulted in but little benefit, but it is necessary to make trials to prove whether farmers would be benefited by ideas which have been advanced but which are in doubt until tested by actual experiment. At times valuable information is sent out from agricultural experiment stations, and every state should have one.—Ed.]

Two Classes of Farmers.

We hear much about farming as a business, one class urging most emphatically that it does pay, while another class says it does not. Which is right? Wherein lies this difference of opinion? It would certainly be in their method of doing business. I recently attended the Otsego County Dairymen's association. It was made up of the best class of farmers in the county, men who lubricate their muscles with brains and spread them on freely. They came there and read essays that would do credit to men of college education. Yet they were a discontented lot of farmers. It is the discontented people of the world who make things move. A man that is perfectly contented with his lot never amounts to much; he is like the retired merchant—his capital is locked up in self-support, and he adds nothing to the world. These men would tell of successes achieved in the past year and their brains were active for the future, and next winter, when they meet again, we shall hear of good results from them. The lawyer and doctor would drop in and take part occasionally, but when it came to arguments, they usually got the worst of it. These farmers all came from hard times, or say farming was a failure. They were looking ahead and planning, hopefully, for next season, and they declared that well directed labor on the farm did pay, and it does. There were no moon men there, and men who put off till tomorrow what should be done now.

Let us look at the other side of the question. There are many farmers' homes throughout the country where you may find an almanac and a fashion-book or two on the table, but the agricultural journal, the guiding-star in their business, is entirely wanting. "Father and grandfather never took such papers, and we don't need any." This following in "grandfather's" foot-steps is the reason farming don't pay. A new era has dawned in the agricultural world; new methods and more intelligent men are needed. You ask this man how his crops were last year, and he will tell you that he was away, and he don't need planted the "taters" when the moon was wrong, and they failed. When you question him about his methods of fertilizing and tilling you soon find out where the trouble was. He will tell you that he was converted when the moon was wrong in the world; that he performed again when the moon was right, and he has stuck fast ever since. The last statement is just as reasonable as the first. This man is contented with his lot, and he never will be any different. He does not try to advance; clinging to old notions and whims that have been handed down to him for generations "farming don't pay" with him, but he doesn't care—he gets a living, simply exists, and is satisfied.

Brother farmers, you can so unite your brain and muscle as to win the respect of your friends and neighbors; they will look to you as a model in their business; you will be doing much good by your methods—unawares. Or you can take the other course and become the laughing stock of the community. Discontent, united with brains and work, will push you to the top; an empty head, combined with old whims and selfishness, will always keep you as the foot of the ladder. Choose!—A. C. JENKS, in the *Country Gentleman*.

Ants.

Popular Gardening gives four ways to get rid of ants in the garden. The first is to sink a rather wide mouthed bottle in the ant hill so that the orifice is a trifle below the level of the ant hill; partly fill the bottle with sweetened water. Second, saturate a large coarse sponge with sweetened water and place on old dishes where ants abound; when black with ants throw the sponge into boiling water, wash the ants out and replace. Third, lay fresh bones about; the ants will quickly cover them when they are served in the same manner as with the sponge. Fourth, place a mixture of Paris green or London purple on old dishes where the ants can have access.

How to Secure Heavy Yields of Strawberries.

First, we should use only such varities as will readily respond to generous treatment. Varieties which have a feeding and and fruiting capacity equal to 1½ quarts per plant on the average should be chosen. Having such, plant on land thoroughly manured with the best horse manure, or its equivalent, at the rate of 100 tons per acre, in two previous applications, well mixed with the soil. The soil should be a good, strong loam, either with good natural or artificial drainage. Having these conditions, let the land be in mellow condition to plant as early in July as your plants can be had. Take primary plants and plant in rows two feet by one foot in hill, or two feet by fifteen inches, according to the strength of the variety. After planting nip all runners as often as they start. Hoe as often as needed up to freezing. After the ground is frozen mulch well for the winter, not removing till the ground ceases to freeze nights; then remove all the mulch carefully, and when the ground is in good condition to work give a shallow hoeing and good weeding. When the fruit is half grown put one mulch enough to secure perfect cleanliness; the plants will now touch both ways in many places. At this juncture, if a drought occurs, irrigate. With the Jewell for the main, and Sharpless for the first, sixth, eleventh etc., a yield of 400 to 500 bushels per acre should be expected of large berries. Ground well worked for at least two years should be chosen in order to avoid the white grub. In order to keep any variety up to its maximum stock, plants should each year be selected from plants which are not allowed to fruit, and which are under generous culture. It will be readily seen that when a plant has bore two full quarts of fruit its constitution has been taxed to heavily to give strong runners for new plants. We avoid this by cutting off all blooms as soon as the buds show on our propagating beds. We do this not only with the Jewell, but with all our varieties. Again, as a rule, we allow our plants to fruit but once. We do not expect to strike 12 twice on the same set of plants. Again we deem it, as a rule, a foolish expenditure of time to clean out an old field of plants; better turn the plants under the rotate with other crops.—*P. M. Anger, in Michigan Horticulturist.*

Eggs by Weight.

Isn't it strange that we buy and sell eggs by number instead of by weight? Number does not indicate the quality; weight does. Some eggs weigh twice as much as others. What justice or business sagacity is there in paying the same price for one as the other? Is not the farmer who sells a large egg for the same price as his neighbor sells a small one cheated? And is not the buyer of the small egg cheated? Just as well might butter be sold by the roll, the small roll bringing as much as the large one. We do not buy or sell butter by the number of rolls, or meat by the number of pieces, or cheese by number, nor should we sell eggs by the number. If eggs were bought and sold by weight, the value of certain breeds of fowls would be changed. Now the breed that furnishes the greatest number of eggs is the most profitable; then it would be the breed that furnished the greatest weight. Some breeds are remarkable for the smallness of their eggs; such breeds would suffer in popularity, while the fowls that lay large eggs would gain. This would work only justice, however, to the fowls, as it would to their owners and consumers.—*Live Stock Monthly.*

Applying Fertilizers.

Mr. E. Churchill, of Hallowell, Maine, expresses our views upon the above subject. In the *Mirror and Farmer* he says:

About half the fertilizers used are about the same as thrown away. Dressing should be spread over the land, not dropped in clumps. Some will drop a fertilizer and kick a little soil over it, little thinking the very first tender roots plunge right down into it and that the seed is ruined. If that very same feed had been spread ten inches to a foot all would have gone well, and in a short time the plant would have looked dark, green and rich from the fact that the roots were reheling in an evenly-fed soil. I am satisfied we all fail, too, in not mixing barn dressing thoroughly enough with the soil. Some plow the dressing so as to prevent drying up, and harrow or cultivate only a little, if any, but not get the ground about smooth, and then spread the manure and harrow? Some, then, use a heavy bush both ways, and I assure you that if you never tried it you will be pleased and surprised to see how little dressing can be seen, as it will be perfectly fine and so nicely mixed with the soil that the roots of any plant can feed on it and the dressing will not dry up. For grain and grass there is no course so reasonable as this, for the shallow growing roots find a nourishing hyld at once, and the dressing is where it will last the longest. In short, a good bush will do finer and more work than any costly tool ever made, both with manure and lumps of earth. Try the above plan for yourself.

The Garden,

Too many plants for a given space is a great mistake.

Always set out young plants before or after a rain, and pack the earth closely to the roots.

It will pay to take pains and plant all large, flat seeds, like squash, melon and Lima beans, edgewise.

Put the pig-sty manure on the garden where the running vines are to be planted. It will work wonders.

A rule for planting all kinds of garden vegtable seeds is to cover them with earth a thickness four times the diameter of the seeds.

In planting dwarf peas, leave sufficient ground for several successions of crops, as the dwarf varieties usually ripen all their pods at the same time.

Farmers must not forget that a good kitchen garden is a handy thing to have. Plant now for a succession of vegetables and a plentiful supply at harvest.

The use of vegetables will promote health, give a zest to the daily meals, and lighten the cares of the wife in providing palatable food for the men folks and children.

A Belgian gardner contends that after applying to various special manufactured insecticides, he is convinced that tobacco juice in its different forms is still the best remedy.

The best way to use bone for immediate effect is to keep a barrel of lye on hand and put in this all bones. Soon phosphate of potash will be found, which is one of the best fertilizers.

Failures in gardening, apart from letting the weeds obtain the mastery, are generally chargeable to a lack of proper fertility. Make the garden rich, and then it can respond to all reasonable demands.

The product of the garden will always find a convenient and profitable market on your own table. It is far more healthy and more desirable to live principally upon fruit and vegetables than on bread and meat.

PLEURO-PNEUMONIA.

Ohio Officers Well Pleased With the Work Done at Chicago.

CHICAGO, June 10.—[Special wire.]—Tuesday Maj. Carlisle, cattle commissioner of Ohio, and Dr. Kinsman, secretary of the commission, both of Columbus, visited Chicago to inquire into the pleuro-pneumonia matter. At the stock-yards they made an extensive inquisition into the prevailing methods for the reception and shipping of live stock.

They manifested great satisfaction at the precautions taken to protect healthy cattle in transit and were favorably impressed with the thorough system of investigation and condemnation when disease was suspected.

The records and mode of procedure of the Live Stock commission were fully explained by Prof Law. The visitors thought the present system of registration, condemnation and certification could not be improved upon until the state law was amended. Dr. Kinsman and Maj. Carlisle left Chicago yesterday, after intimating that they would recommend a relaxation of the quarantine laws of their state against cattle shipments from Illinois.

Dr. Hewitt, of St. Paul, of the Minnesota Cattle commission, also made an extended independent investigation, and arrived at the same conclusion as the Ohio commissioners.

TEXAS WILL QUARANTINE.

They Do Not Want Any Yellow Fever in the Lone Star State.

NEW ORLEANS, June 10.—[Special wire.]—Dr. Rutherford, president of the state board of health of Texas, has threatened to quarantine against New Orleans. He wired Dr. Joseph Holt, president of the Louisiana state board of health, yesterday, inquiring what measures had been taken to protect this city against the introduction of yellow fever from Key West.

Dr. Holt answered that the regular quarantine of five days and disinfection of vessels coming from infected ports had been declared.

To this Dr. Rutherford responded that five days detention was not sufficient, in his opinion, and unless the time was extended to ten days, Texas would quarantine.

Dr. Holt answered, that notwithstanding the threat the time of detention would not be increased an hour. Dr. Rutherford has not been heard from since this last dispatch was sent, but it is believed that he will carry out his threat.

There is great indignation in this community over Dr. Rutherford's threatened action, which is considered uncalled for.

An Important Element

Of the success of Hood's Sarsaparilla is the fact that every purchaser receives a fair equivalent for his money. The familiar headline "100 Doses One Dollar," stolen by imitators, is original with and true only of Hood's Sarsaparilla. This can be easily proven by any one who desires to test the matter. For real economy, buy only Hood's Sarsaparilla. Sold by all druggists.

TALMAGE ON ST. STEPHEN'S DEATH.

Stephen Gazing Into Heaven, Stephen Looking at Christ, Stephen Stoned, Stephen in His Dying Prayer, and Stephen Asleep.

BROOKLYN, June 12.—This morning at the Tabernacle, the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage took for his text, Acts vii. 56-60:

Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the son of man standing on the right hand of God. Then they cried out with a loud voice and stopped their ears, and ran upon him with one accord, and cast him out of the city, and stoned him, and the witnesses laid down their clothes at a young man's feet, whose name was Saul. And they stoned Stephen, calling upon God, and saying Lord Jesus, receive my spirit. And he kneeled down, and cried with a loud voice, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge. And when he had said this he fell asleep.

The preacher said: Stephen had been preaching a rousing sermon, and the people could not stand it. They resolved to do as men sometimes would like to do in this day, if they dared, with some plain preacher of righteousness—kill him. The only way to silence this man was to knock the breath out of him. So they rushed Stephen out of the gates of the city, and with curse and whoop and bellow, they brought him to the cliff as was the custom when they wanted to take away life by stoning. Having brought him to the edge of the cliff they pushed him off. After he had fallen they came and looked down. Seeing that he was not yet dead, they began to drop stones upon him, one after stone, stone after stone. Amid this horrible rain of missiles Stephen clambers up on his knees, and folds his hands, while the blood drips from his temples to his cheeks, from his cheeks to his garments, from his garments to the ground; and then, looking up, he makes two prayers—one for himself and one for his murderers. "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit"—that was for himself. "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge"—that was for his assailants. Then, from pain and loss of blood, he swooned away and fell asleep.

I want to show you to-day five pictures—Stephen gazing into heaven, Stephen looking at Christ, Stephen stoned, Stephen in his dying prayer, Stephen asleep.

First, look at Stephen, gazing into heaven. Before you take a leap you want to know where you are going to land. Before you climb a ladder you want to know to what point the ladder reaches. And it was right that Stephen, within a few moments of heaven, should be gazing into it. We would all do well to be found in the same posture. There is enough in heaven to keep us gazing. A man of large wealth may have stationary in the hall, and paintings in the sitting-room, and works of art in parts of the house, but he has the chief pictures in the art gallery, and there, hour after hour, you walk with catalogue and glass and over increasing admiration. So shall heaven is the gallery where God has gathered the the chief treasures of his realm. The whole universe is his palace. In this lower room, where we stop there are many adornments; tessellated floor of amethyst and blossom, and on the winding cloud-stairs are stretched out canvas on which commingle azure and purple, and saffron, and gold. But heaven is the gallery in which the chief glories are gathered. There are the brightest robes. There are the richest crowns. There are the highest exhilarations. John says of it: "The kings of the earth shall bring their honor and glory into it." And I see the procession forming, and in the line come all empires, and the stars spring up into an arch for the hosts to march under. They keep step to the sound of earthquake and the pitch of avalanche from the mountains, and the flag they bear is the flame of a consuming world, and all heaven turns out with harps and trumpets and myriad voiced acclamation of welcome demonstration to welcome them in, and so the kings of the earth bring their honor and glory into it. Do you wonder that good people often stand like Stephen, looking into heaven? We have a great many friends there. There is not a man in this house today so isolated in life but there is some one in heaven with whom he once shook hands. As a man gets older, the number of his celestial acquaintances very rapidly multiplies. We have not had one glimpse of them since the night we kissed them goodby and they went away; but still we stand gazing at heaven. As when some of our friends go across the sea, we stand on the dock, or on the steam tug and watch them, and after a while the hulk of the vessel disappears, and then there is only a patch of sail on the sky, and soon that is gone, and they are all out of sight, and yet we stand looking in the same direction; so when our friends go away from us into the future we keep on looking down through the Narrows, and gazing and gazing as though we expected that they would come out and stand on some evening cloud, and give us one glimpse of their blissful and transfigured faces. While you long to join their companionship, and the years and the days go with such tedium that they seem like the slow dripping of pain, and sorrow, and bereavement keeps gnawing at your vitals, you still stand, like Stephen, gazing into heaven. You wonder if they have changed since you saw them last. You wonder if they would recognize your face now, so changed has it been with trouble. You wonder if, amid the myriad delights they have, they care as much for you as they used to when they gave you a helping hand and put their shoulders under your burdens. You wonder if they look any older; and sometimes, in the evening-tide, when the house is all quiet, you wonder if they would not answer; and perhaps sometimes you do make the experiment, and when no one but God and yourself are there you distinctly call their names, and listen, and wait, and sit gazing into heaven.

Pass on now, and see Stephen looking upon Christ. My text says he saw the Son of Man at the right hand of God. Just how Christ looked in this world, and how he looks in heaven, we cannot say. A writer in the time of Christ says, describing the Saviour's personal appearance, that he had blue eyes and light complexion, and a very graceful structure; but I suppose it was all guess-work. The painters of the different ages have tried to imagine the features of Christ, and put them upon canvas, but we will have to wait until with our own eyes we see him, and our own ears we can hear him. And yet there is a way of seeing and hearing him now. I have to tell you that unless you see and hear Christ on earth, you will never see and hear him in heaven. Look! There he is. Behold the lamb of God. Can you not see him? Then pray to God to take the scales off your eyes. Look that way—try to look that way. His voice comes down to you this day—comes down to the blindest, to the deafest soul, saying: "Look unto me all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved, for I am God, and there is none else." Proclamation of universal emancipation for all slaves. Proclamation of universal amnesty for all rebels. Ahasuerus gathered the Babylonish nobles to his tables; George I. entertained the lords of England at a banquet; Napoleon III. welcomed the czar of Russia and the sultan of Turkey to his fenster the emperor of Germany was glad to have our minister, George Bancroft, sit down with him at his table; but tell me, ye who know most of the world's history, what other king ever asked the abandoned, and the forlorn, and the wretched, and the outcast, to come and sit down at his table? This wonderful invitation! You can take it to-day, and stand at the head of the darkest alley in all this city, and say: "Come! Clothes for your rags, salve for your sores, a throne for your eternal reigning." A Christ that talks like that, and acts like that, and invites like that—do you wonder that Stephen stood looking at Him? I hope to spend eternity doing the same thing. I must see Him. I must look upon that face once clouded with my sin, but now radiant with my pardon. I want to touch that hand that knocked off my shackles. I want to hear that voice which pronounced my deliverance. Behold Him, little children, for if you live to threescore years and ten, you will see none so fair. Behold Him, ye aged ones, for He only can shine through the dimness of your failing eyesight. Behold Him, earth. Behold Him, heaven. What a moment when all the nations of the saved shall gather around Christ! All faces that way. All thrones that way, gazing, gazing on Jesus.

"His worth if all the nations knew,
Sure the whole earth would love him too."

I pass on now and look at Stephen stoned. The world has always wanted to get rid of good men. Their very life is an assault upon wickedness. Out with Stephen through the gates of the city. Down with him over the precipices. Let every one come up and drop a stone upon his head. But the men did not so much kill Stephen as they killed themselves. Every stone rebounded upon them. While these murderers were transfixed by the scorn of all good men, Stephen lives in the admiration of all Christendom. Stephen stoned; but Stephen alive. So all good men must be pelted. All who will live godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution. It is no eulogy of a man to say that everybody likes him. Show me any one who is doing all his duty to state or church and I will show you scores of men who utterly abhor him.

If all men speak well of you it is because you are either a laggard or a dolt. If a steamer makes rapid progress through the waves the water will boil and foam all around it. Brave soldiers of Jesus Christ will hear the carbines click. When I see a man with voice, and money, and influence all on the right side, and some caricature him, and some sneer at him, and some denounce him, and men who pretend to be actuated by right motives conspire to cripple him, to cast him out, to destroy him, I say: "Stephen stoned." When I see a man in some great moral or religious reform, battling against grogshops, exposing wickedness in high places, by active means trying to purify the church and better the world's estate, and I find that the newspapers antagonize him, and men, even good men, oppose him and succeed really in killing him. You may assault a good man, but you cannot kill him. On the day of his death, Stephen spoke before a few people in the Sanhedrim; this Sabbath morning he addresses all Christendom. Paul, the Apostle, stood on Mars Hill addreseing a handful of philosophers who knew not so much about science as a modern school girl. To-day he talks to the millions of Christendom about the wonders of justification, and the stories of resurrection. John Wesley was howled down by the mob to whom he preached, and they threw bricks at him, and they denounced him, and they jostled him, and they spat upon him, and yet to-day in all lands, he is admitted to be the great father of Methodism. Booth's bullet vacated the Presidential chair; but from that spot of coagulated blood on the floor in the box of Ford's theater, there sprang up the new life of a nation. Stephen stoned; but Stephen alive.

Pass on now, and see Stephen in his dying prayer. His first thought was not how the stones hurt his head, nor what would become of his body. His first thought was about his spirit. "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." The murderer standing on the trap-door, the black cap being drawn over his head before the execution, may grimace about the future; but you and I have no shame in confessing some anxiety about where we are going to come out. You are not all body. There is within you a soul. I see it gleam from your eyes to day, and I see it irradiating your countenance. Sometimes I am abashed before an audience not because I come under your physical eyesight, but because I realize the truth that I stand before so many immortal spirits. The probability is that your body will at last find a sepulture in some of the cemeteries that surround this city. There is no doubt but that your obsequies will be decent and respectful, and you will be able to pillow your head under the maple, or the Norway spruce, or the cypress, or the blossoming fir; but this spirit about which Stephen prayed, what direction will that take? What guide will escort it? What gate will open to receive it? What cloud will be cleft for its pathway? After it has got beyond the light of our sun, will there be torches lighted for it the rest of the way? Will the soul have to travel through long desert before it reaches the good land? If we should lose our pathway, will there be a castle at whose gate we may ask the way to the city? O, this mysterious spirit within us! It has two wings, but it is in a cage now. It is locked fast to keep it; but let the door of this case open the least, and that soul is off. Eagle's wings could not catch it. The lightnings are not swift enough to take up with it. When the soul leaves the body it takes fifty worlds at a bound. And have I no anxiety about it? Have you no anxiety about it? I do not care what you do with my body when my soul is gone, or whether you believe in cremation or inhumation. I shall sleep just as well in a wrapping of sackcloth as in satin lined with eagle's down. But my soul—before I leave this house this morning I will find out where it is going to land. Thank God for the intimation of my text, that when we die Jesus takes us. That answers all questions for me. What though there were massive bars between here and the city of light, Jesus could remove them. What though there were great Sahara of darkness, Jesus could illume them. What though I get weary on the way, Christ could lift me on his omnipotent shoulder. What though there were chasms to cross, his hand could transport me. Then let Stephen's prayer be my dying litany: "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." It may be in that hour we will be too feeble to say a long prayer. It may be in that hour we will not be able to say the "Lord's Prayer," for it has seven petitions. Perhaps we may be too feeble even to say the infant prayer our mothers taught us, which John Quincy Adams, 70 years ago, said every night when he put his head upon his pillow:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

We may be too feeble to employ either of these familiar forms; but this prayer of Stephen is so short, is so concise, is so earnest, is so comprehensive, we surely will be able to say that: "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." O, if that prayer is answered, how sweet it will be to die! This world is clever enough to us. Perhaps it has treated us a great deal better than we deserved to be treated, but if on the dying pillow there shall break the light of that better world, we shall have no more regret about leaving a small, dark, damp house for one large, beautiful, and capacious. That dying minister in Philadelphia, some years ago, beautifully depicted it when in the last moment, he threw up his hands and cried out: "I move into the light!"

Pass on now, and I will show you one more picture, and that is Stephen asleep. With a pathos and simplicity peculiar to the Scriptures, the text says of Stephen: "He fell asleep." "O," you say, "what a place that was to sleep! A hard rock under him, stones falling down upon him, the blood streaming, the mob howling. What a place it was to sleep!" And yet my text takes that symbol of slumber to describe his departure, so it was to him. So every one to me it will be. Stephen had lived a very laborious life. His chief work had been to care for the poor. How many loaves of bread he distributed, how many bare feet he had sandaled, how many cots of sickness and distress he blessed with ministries of kindness and love, I do not know; but from the way he lived, and the way he died, and the way he died, I know he was a laborious Christian. But that is all over now. He has pressed the cup to the last fainting lips. He has taken the last insult from his enemies. The last stone to whose crushing weight he is susceptible has been hurled. Stephen is dead. The disciples come. They take him up. They wash away the blood from the wounds. They straighten out the bruised limbs. They brush back the tangled hair from the brow, and then they pass around to look upon the calm countenance of him who had lived for the poor and died for the truth. Stephen asleep! I have seen the sea driven with the hurricane until the tangled foam caught in the rigging, and wave rising above wave seemed as if about to storm the heavens, and then I have seen the tempest drop, and the waves crouch, and, and everything become smooth and burnished as though a camping place for the glories of heaven. So I have seen a man, whose life has been tossed and driven, coming down at last to an infinite calm, in which there was the hush of heaven's lullaby. Stephen asleep! I saw such an one. He fought all his days against poverty, and against abuse. They traduced his name. They rattled at the door knob while he was dying, with duns for debts he could not pay; yet the peace of God brooded over his pillow, and while the world faded, heaven dawned, and the deepening twilight of earth's night was only the opening twilight of heaven's morn. Not a sigh. Not a tear. Not a struggle. Hush! Stephen asleep!

I have not the faculty to tell the weather. I can never tell by the setting sun whether there will be any drought or not. I cannot tell by the blowing of the wind whether it will be fair weather or foul on the morrow. I can prophesy, and I will prophesy what weather it will be when you, the Christian, come to die. You may have it very rough now. It may be this week one annoyance, the next another annoyance. It may be this year one bereavement, the next another bereavement. Before this year has passed you may have to beg for bread, or for a scuttle of coal, or a pair of shoes; but spread your death couch amid the leaves of the forest, or make it out of the straw of a pauper's hut, the wolf in the jungle howling close by, or inexorable creditors jerking the pillow from under your dying head—Christ will come in and darkness will go out. And though there may be no hand to close your eyes, and no breast on which to rest your dying head, and no candle to lift the light, the odors of God's hanging garden will regale you soul, and at your bedside will halt the chariots of the king. No more rents to pay, no more agony because flour has gone up, no more struggle with "the world, the flesh, and the devil;" but peace—long, deep, everylasting peace. Stephen asleep!

"Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Uninjured by the last of foes.

"Asleep in Jesus far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But there is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep."

You have seen enough for one morning. No one can successfully examine more than five pictures in a day. Therefore we stop having seen this cluster of divine Raphaels—Stephen gazing into heaven; Stephen looking at Christ; Stephen stoned; Stephen in his dying prayer; Stephen asleep.

M. Waddington, the French ambassador, has resumed negotiations with Lord Salisbury in the Suez canal and the New Hebrides neutrality questions.

News of the Week.

NEW HAMPSHIRE'S SENATOR.

A Faction Fight May Knock Out Mr. Chandler—Cheney's Chances.

CONCORD, N. H., June 8.—[Special wire.]—The Republican members of the legislature held a conference last evening to consider the question of electing a United States senator for the full term beginning March 4, 1889; but they ended just where they began and the question is still open.

Mr. Moore, of Nashua, was the principal spokesman. He said but a bill would come before the legislature providing for a meeting in January, 1889, instead of June, and, it passed, the senatorship should be left for that legislature to fill. The opposition made little effort to carry their point after this, but were content with letting the matter rest undecided.

The situation has changed somewhat since last week, and it is practically certain that Chandler will receive the nomination on Thursday night, when the caucus is held, but his chances of election look grown very much less during the past few days, and the greatest bolt ever known in New Hampshire politics will undoubtedly follow.

Many Democrats say that they can name the next Senator from this state. The prospect of a combination by the anti-Chandler Republicans and Democrats is certainly vastly greater than it was 24 hours ago.

In an interview with one of the brightest Republican politicians in the state, your correspondent was assured that the contest would shortly assume a new, and to most persons an unexpected phase. He asserted that a movement was on foot in which, however, he had no part, which would reduce Mr. Chandler's chances of election to a minimum. The Hon. C. Cheney, who was appointed by Gov. Currier to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Senator Pike, would, he said, be the man upon whom the Democrats and anti-Chandler men would unite.

Cheney, he said, was in every way acceptable to the Democrats, and had, before his departure for Europe, left word that he would not be a candidate for the long term.

That was accepted as a tacit admission that he would not refuse to serve for a short term.

Congressman J. H. Gallagher is one of the most promising candidates for the long term, and a combination between the Cheney and the Gallagher men might be made a very strong alliance. It can not be doubted that the Chandler faction is becoming alarmed, and the outcome of the contest is at present veiled in uncertainty.

It is generally conceded now that there will be but one Senator elected, and the supporters of Mr. Chandler claim that this insures his election beyond a doubt. The conference practically settled the former point.

A KNOTTY QUESTION.

How Chicago Lawyers Can tie up a Piece of Property in the Courts.

CHICAGO, June 8.—[Special wire.]—A bill was filed in the Superior court yesterday by Oliver Denis, jr., and others against Ezra B. McCagg, a well-known lawyer of this city, to recover twenty acres of valuable land in Chicago.

The complainants are about a dozen heirs of Oliver Denis, who was a French-Canadian, and who came to Chicago in 1846 with his family. It is claimed that he knew but little English.

In 1847 he bought the land for $1,000 from Francis G. Blanchard, paying $300 in cash and giving a mortgage on the land for $700. The mortgage was being paid the land was sold by Blanchard to Paul Cornell in 1851, Denis having died in 1849.

Cornell proceeded to foreclose the land, and the widow Denis appealed to her son-in-law, John B. Faillquette, who was then in the employ of the firm of Semmes & McCagg. He applied to Mr. McCagg, who, it is claimed, promised to advance the money if the property was conveyed to him as security.

This was done, but no sooner had McCagg received the deed than he, according to the bill, claimed to be the owner of the property and under the deed obligations to give him quit-claim deeds of their interests, the widow, however, not doing so.

His title was not questioned until 1861, when a bill was filed by some of the heirs to assert their rights. Then a decision of the Supreme court held that Mr. McCagg held like every one else under the deed.

The case went back to the Superior court, and the story is that the lawyer for the heirs sold them out and allowed a decree to be entered in favor of McCagg; that they then gave up the fight until 1882, when they endeavored to have the alleged fraudulent decree, which had been destroyed in the great fire, restored to the files. This was refused by Judge Garnett.

The object of the present suit is now to have the original mandate of the Supreme court of the State in favor of the heirs carried into effect and Mr. McCagg compelled to turn over the balance of the property in his hands and account for the part sold. The property is now in bonds worth $400,000 at the time of the Supreme court decision, and is now valued at $1,000,000.

RELIGIOUS DOINGS.

The Norwegian Lutheran Synod Splits on the Predestination Question.

STOUGHTON, Wis., June 8.—[Special wire.]—The meeting of the Norwegian Lutheran synod of America, the largest religious body of Scandinavians in this country, is now being held at this place.

The controversy about the predestination question, which has been raging within the synod the last seven years, has split the synod into two factions, of which the recognized leaders are Rev. Y. Koren, of Iowa, and Prof. H. A. Schmidt of Minnesota. The latter is led by Rev. Koren is commonly called the Missourians, because they adhere to the old Lutheran doctrine as advocated by the German Missouri synod.

The other faction is called Anti-Missourians. These are accused by their opponents of leaning to, if not openly confessing, the doctrine of the Synergists.

At this meeting the Missourians are in the majority about two to one, and at yesterday's session the Missourian candidates were all elected to the offices to be filled at this meeting. Those elected received 241 votes, while 122 were cast for the opponents.

Rev. H. A. Preus, of Columbia county, Wisconsin, who has held the office for 25 years, was elected president of the general synod; Rev. E. Wultsberg, of Iowa, chairman of the publishing board, and Prof. Larsen, of Decorah, Iowa, president of the board of trustees for Luther college.

BOSTON FALLS IN.

Various Labor Trouble Threatened on Account of Non-Union Men.

BOSTON, June 8.—[Special wire.]—Another great struggle between the master builders and their employes which may extend through the country is threatened. The master builders have decided to bring certain matters in controversy to a decisive issue at once, and the compact made with the employes' union in April for the current season is likely to be abandoned.

The chief ground for dispute is the action of several unions in the building trades, which have demanded the discharge of non-union employes. They so far strikes have been thus caused, but the unions in most cases have steadfastly maintained their position.

The master builders have thoroughly perfected their national organization, and there is authority for saying that they will soon force this issue to a conclusion.

NARROW ESCAPE.

Cable Repairers Barely Miss Being Hit With Thirty Tons of Falling Rock.

HALIFAX, June 8.—[Special wire.]—The government steamer Newfield, Capt. Guilford, has returned from repairing the Anticosti, Fox river and Bird Rock, Magdalene cables. The last repair was effected with much difficulty and some danger.

The shore end hangs perpendicularly over a cliff 150 feet high, and is of a very heavy type, weighing 14 tons to the mile. While the captain and 13 men were replacing about 95 fathoms of damaged cable with new the overhanging cliff appeared so threatening that the men were ordered into the boats. They had not been away five minues when 30 tons of rock fell from the top of the cliff to the place where the men had been at work.

Divided on the Wage Question.

ST. PAUL, Minn., June 8.—[Special wire.]—The 1,200 carpenters who are on a strike now for nine hours to constitute a day's labor, held meetings last night at which were reiterated their determination to hold out until their demand is acceded to.

The contractors held a meeting and passed resolutions fixing ten as the number of hours to constitute a day's labor, calling on citizens and officials to sympathize with them in this action, and expressing a determination not to yield an inch to the demands of the men.

The building operations all over the city are practically suspended, so far as carpenter work is concerned.

A bulletin has been published by the geological survey upon the peroditite of Elliott county, Ky. Mr. J. S. Diller, author of the bulletin, says that no diamonds have been found in Kentucky, that the shale in the immediate vicinity of Elkton does not excite much enthusiasm.

IMPORTED LIQUORS.

The Friends of Prohibition in Maine Have Another Obstacle to Fight.

AUGUSTA, Me., June 9.—[Special wire.]—The prohibitory law of Maine has just received a most terrific set-back in this vicinity. The people are everywhere discussing the new phase put on the liquor question by the recent action of Michael Burns, a well-known liquor dealer of this city, who has brought to Augusta from Liverpool a large invoice of foreign distilled spirits, which he is selling to all who wish to purchase.

He closed his shop in March last and departed for Liverpool, where he entered into negotiations with one of the largest importing houses in that city for an unlimited supply for all kinds of distilled spirits.

The United States objects all persons importing liquors from foreign countries from prosecution under any state prohibitory law for selling such goods in the original unbroken packages, and the dealer has landed in this city an advance lot of Irish whisky and Jamaica rum.

The goods came through the Portland custom-house and arrived here by freight. When the goods reached the depot they were loaded upon a cart and hauled through the streets, the police looking upon the scene with wildly staring eyes.

It was an unusual thing to witness the transportation of liquor through the town in broad daylight, and the scene attracted great attention. The store is now stocked with goods, and they are piled up in his windows before the admiring gaze of all opponents of the prohibitory law.

The retail price of the goods has been made so low as to be in easy reach of the purchasing public, and the sales have already been large. The officers are surprised at the affair, and every lawyer in town has been engaged in looking up the law bearing upon the sale of imported liquors in their original packages.

CUNARDERS IN TROUBLE.

The Alien Commissioners Find a Penniless, Demented Irish Women Among the Passengers.

BOSTON, June 8.—The Cunard Steamship company is having some trouble with the Alien commissioners at this point, which has resulted in the latter making a formal protest against the granting of clearance papers to the steamer Cephalonia, due to sail from Boston on Thursday next.

Collector Saltonstall will hear both sides of the case to-day, and his decision will be of some importance to the trans-Atlantic steamship lines engaged in the carriage of passengers.

The Cephalonia on her last tr

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

Sixty-four cadets have graduated at West Point.

M. Anselme Polycarpe Batbie, the French lawyer and statesman, is dead.

The new bridge over the Tay, Scotland, is finished at a cost of $3,500,000.

Emperor William continues to make good progress towards recovery. He slept well last night.

The proposed boat race between the crews of Cambridge and Harvard universities has been abandoned.

A dynamite bomb has been found under the Triseo bridge at Marianna, Ark. The fuse had failed to burn.

Crown Prince Frederick William has left Berlin for London, to take part in the queen's jubilee celebration.

Cincinnati river men will protest against the suspension of the long and short haul clause of the inter-state law.

The President has held his public reception in the East room. It did not last long, as only 70 persons were present.

John Russell Young, Ex-United States minister to China, was selected president of the Anti-Poverty society in Philadelphia.

Eight persons were killed and thirty wounded in a fight against Jews, at Neutra, Hungary. A strong anti-Semitic movement is rising.

Warren Sherman, inventor of the Sherman automatic train signal, was seriously injured by being struck by a cheese train at Utica, N. Y.

The Lutheran general synod, in session at Omaha, have decided to hold the next biennial convention of the general synod at Allegheny City.

The Grant Monument association has issued a circular calling for designs for a monument or memorial building to be erected upon the site of Gen. Grant's tomb.

The Carlisle Indian training school has sent 73 pupils West, nearly all of whom have completed the course of the school. They are mostly of the Sioux tribe.

The priests of the Golden Temple, at Amritsi, in the Punjab, ceased to offer the customary prayer for Dhuleepsingn, when they heard he was intriguing with Russia against India.

Serious rioting occurred at Oak Ridge park, Guttenburg, N. J., Sunday. An anarchists picnic for the benefit of the Chicago anarchists, at which Herr Most was present led to the trouble.

The London *Chronicle* emphasizes the recent adverse reports regarding the condition of the crown prince of Germany. It asserts that Prince Bismarck considers the crown prince's life doomed, and that the latter's family are prepared for worst.

Henry Dreaber was fearfully mangled in Chicago by a lion in a circus cage. He was an employe and went in to sleep on top of the cage. The lion pulled his leg into the cage and Dreaber fell to the ground where he was almost dead when discovered.

Emperor William is improved generally. The pains in the abdomen from which he has been suffering have abated. The departure of Crown Prince Frederick William for London to participate in the jubilee of Queen Victoria has been postponed until Monday.

Capt. Lee, who is in command of the soldiers stationed at Nogales, Ariz., says the soldiers have the hostiles so closely pressed that they can not reach Sonora. He had one-half of his troops mounted on private horses and mules belonging to company wagons.

The report that Secretary Pascoe, of the International Typographical Union, was short in his accounts, it is now claimed was due to the fact that his books were in bad shape. Outside of a case of bad bookkeeping it is not thought there is anything wrong.

The United States Treasurer has prepared a statement in regard to the circulating medium which shows that the total circulation of coin for May 31, 1887, was $1,207,256,560, a net increase of $58,516,045 as compared with the circulation for May 31, 1886.

Under Gov. Hoadly and a Democratic legislature the Ohio penitentiary lost $250,000 in a single year. In a single year of Republican management under Governor Foraker the administration fully deficit has been overcome and a report submitted shows surplus receipts over expenses for last year of nearly $6,000.

Gladstone has written a letter to John Bright, in which he says: "Always regarding you as a good, kind friend, I write to apprise you that you have inadvertently fallen into error. You say I spoke as if there was no province of Ulster. In the same speech to which you referred you will find that I referred expressly to Ulster."

At a meeting of the Louisville wholesale liquor dealers, resolutions were passed "that this meeting indorses the action of the distillers' meeting, held in the Gait House June 8 and 9, in not making any whisky from July 1 1887 to July 1, 1888; and recommend the trade not to buy whisky made between those dates.

Some time ago the Memphis *Evening Scimetar* sent out circular letters to leading newspapers of Alabama, Arkansas, Mississippi, Louisiana, Tennessee and Texas, putting the following query: "In view of President Cleveland's pocket veto of the harbor bill, do you favor his renomination by the Democratic party in 1888?" Thirty-five replies have been received. Of these 27 are in the affirmative and six in the negative.

Inter-State Commerce Commissioner Morrison says Congress at its next session will undoubtedly amend the law which he is dispensing, and that he himself could suggest some changes which would be of advantage, but doubts whether Congress would take the trouble for it since he has retired from that body. The colonel declares he is as much of a politician now as he ever was, however.

BUSINESS OUTLOOK.

Dun's Weekly Trade Review—Crop Reports Favorable.

NEW YORK, June 11.—R. G. Dun & Co's. weekly review of trade will say: But for the labor contests and excessive speculation, the outlook would be entirely satisfactory. Crop prospects and the financial situation have both improved during the week, but the effect of the important strike is felt more seriously every week. In spite of a large decline in production prices, iron has been weaker during the past week, heavy sales of Southern iron having been made in the Eastern markets. The stove business revives, the lock-out of molders having ended, but the nail market is demoralized by over-production. The demand for bar iron is better, but prices are depressed by western competition and the offering of foreign nails at low prices checks the demand near seaports.

Crop reports from all directions are favorable. Exports of wheat this month bid fair to fall below those of last June. In that case the surplus to be carried over to July 1 will probably exceed 45,000,000 bushels in addition to the minimum always held.

Money is reported in good supply at all points an collections everywhere good or fair, with improvements in some localities. The stock market has shown weaknes.

The reported gains in railroad earnings, averaging over 15 per cent, for many thus far, sustain the confidence of bolders.

Business failures for the last seven days, number, for the United States, 140; for Canada, 33; total, 173; against 150 last week and 209 for the corresponding week last year. In the Eastern and Middle states the failures are exceptionally light. In other sections about the average number are reported, but in Canada there is considerable increase, arising mostly in the maritime provinces.

NORTHERN GRAIN.

Dakota and Minnesota Come in With Splendid Crops.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., June 11.—[Special wire.]—The outlook for grain in Dakota is generally good, and in most parts above the average of former years. Along the James river valley, where the crop was poor the past year, it is, if any different from other sections, ahead of all in condition this year.

When drouth was talked of in other districts in the territory there was very little heard of it there. A local paper has letters written by grain men in Dakota, representing every county.

Of these, at least 95 per cent concur in the statement that the present prospect is not only better than last year, but that it is also above the average of past years.

A few think the damage by drouth early is not wholly recovered from, but these, compared with the whole, are quite obscure. The condition of crops in Minnesota continues most excellent on the whole.

There are some of the Southeastern counties that have been dry too long for a large yield of small grain, although for the last week or more has been a great change for the better.

Of 225 letters from all sections in this section of the state, 206 are of the most flattering description on the conditions of the crops, and particularly so of wheat. The average condition is not less than 10 per cent. better than a year ago.

Kansas Crops.

TOPEKA, KAS., June 10.—[Special wire.]—Secretary Simms, of the State Board of Agriculture, makes the following synopsis of the report of the Kansas State Board of Agriculture, for June, 1887: Wheat—Area sown, 20 percent. less than last year, and the smallest since 1875; condition, 40 per cent. Corn—Acreage at least 25 per cent. in excess of any former period; condition, never better. Oats—Condition as compared with a five years' average, 60 per cent. Barley, 70 per cent. Potatoes, 100. Tame grass, 80. Fruits—Average condition as compared with a full crop, 63 per cent.

Ben: Perley Poor's Successor.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 13.—Senator Manderson, who is at the Arlington, says the clerkship of the committee on printing to succeed the late Ben: Perley Poore is to be Mr. Michael, of Nebraska.

Senator Manderson is chairman of the committee. He said he had preferences for several men well fitted for the place, not citizens of his state, but he felt it to be a duty to give the clerkship to a Nebraska man. He speaks very highly of Mr. Michael.

DEPENDENT PENSION BILL.

The Document Formulated by the G. A. R. to be Presented to Congress.

MADISON, Wis., June 10.—Adjt. Gen. Gray, of the Grand Army of the Republic, is busily engaged in issuing to all the posts in the country an important document in the nature of a dependent bill, whose passage will be urged upon the next Congress.

It was drafted by the national Pension committee of the G. A. R., which is composed of the following members of the order: George S. Merrill, of Lawrence, Mississippi; Louis Wagner, of Philadelphia; James Tanner, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; John C. Lineham, of Peacock, N. H., and John S. Kountz, of Toledo, Ohio.

This committee was appointed by Commander-in-Chief Fairchild under resolution of the National encampment. Section 1 of the bill provides that in considering the pension claims of dependent parents, the fact and cause of death, and the fact that the soldier left no widow or minor children, having been shown as required by law, it shall be necessary only to show by competent and sufficient evidence that such a parent or parents are or have been without other means of support than their own manuel labor, or the contributions of others not legally bound, for their support: Provided, that all pensions allowed under this section of this act shall commence from date of actual dependence if claim was filed prior to July 1, 1880, and in case of applications thereafter made, the pension shall commence from the date of the filing of the application in the pension office, or from date of subsequent dependence.

Section 2 provides that all persons who served three months in the military or naval service of the United States, and who have been honorably discharged and are suffering from mental or physical disability not the result of their own vicious habits, shall be entitled to receive $12 per month; that persons who are now receiving pensions under existing laws, or whose claims are pending in the pension office, may receive the benefits of this act; that no person shall receive more than one pension for the same period and rank in the service shall not be considered.

Section 3 provides that if any invalid pensioner has died, or shall hereafter die, leaving a widow, minor child or children under 18 years of age, or in case there be no widow or minor child or children, a dependent mother or father, such widow, minor child or children, or mother, or father, shall be placed upon the pension roll at the rates established by law for widows, minor children and parents, without regar to the cause of death of such pensioner; provided, that said widow was married to the deceased pensioner prior to the passage of this act. That the increase of pensions for minor children shall be at the rate of $5 per month, instead of $2 per month, as now provided by law, and in case a minor child is insane, idiotic or otherwise helpless, the pension shall continue during the life of said child or during the period of such disability.

Section 4 imposes a fine of $500 or imprisonment at hard labor not exceeding two years or both, in the discretion of the court, on agents or attorneys accepting a greater fee than $10, payable only upon the order of the commissioner of pensions, by the pension agent making payment of the pension allowed.

THE CROPS.

The Report of the Agricultural Department for the Month of June.

WASHINGTON, June 11.—The June returns of the department of Agriculture indicate a reduction of nearly 22 per cent. in the area of winter wheat. Changes in acreage of states are very slight, except in Kansas, where a reduction of 12 per cent. is reported, caused by bad harvests and lower prices. The spring wheat area has been enlarged 9 per cent. from increase of immigration and farm making west of the Mississippi river, in the districts traversed by the Northern Pacific railroad. Most of the increase is in Dakota, which reports an increase of 24 per cent. The total area of wheat is about 7,000,000 acres, a fraction of 1 per cent. more than any previous crop.

In the condition of winter wheat there is no marked change, the average being 84.9, a reduction of 9-10 of 1 per cent. In 1886 the June average was 92.7. Reports of short straw are very numerous in some districts. There are indications that the yield will be relatively in larger proportion to the yield of straw. If there is no increase from this cause, the yield must be less than average. The harvest is already in progress up to the 36th degree of north latitude. The condition of spring wheat is good in Dakota and territories westward, but below the average in Minnesota, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa and Febraska.

An apparent enlargement of the barley acreage of 3 per cent is indicated in the increase in Dakota, California, Oregon and the territories. The condition average 87, being slightly above that of wheat. There is a continuance of the extension of oats culture. This crop has taken a part of the area formerly in wheat in Kansas an advance of 30 per cent over the acreage of last year. The increase is large in the Northwest, and there is a tendency to enlargement in all sections of the country. In the acreage of cotton an increase of 1 per cent is reported. There appears to be a slight decline in the states of the Atlantic coast, and an increase west of the Mississippi.

The state averages are: Virginia, 90; North Carolina, 99.5; South Carolina, 98; Georgia, 98.5; Florida, 97; Alabama, 100; Mississippi, 100.4; Louisiana, 102; Texas, 106; Arkansas, 102.5; Tennessee, 100. The condition of cotton is higher than in any July since 1880, averaging 96.6, and has only been exceeded three times since 1870. The best yield in that period, however, was in 1882, when the June condition was 89, a figure that has been discounted six times since 1860. It is a good beginning but does not insure a good crop. The state averages are: Virginia, 99; North Carolina, 99; South Carolina, 98; Georgia, 99; Florida, 98; Alabama, 99; Mississippi, 99; Louisiana, 97; Texas, 91; Arkansas, 98; Tennessee, 97; general average, 96.9. There is generally an unusual good "stand" or "plant." In Texas the early planted did not come up well. Late planting is better. There is not a full yield in some of the fields in Arkansas. Clean cultivation is reported as a rule and a healthy color and good growth.

JAMES N. BUFFUM DEAD.

After 80 Years of Active Life the Great Abolitionist Passes Away.

BOSTON, June 13.—[Special wire.]—The Hon. James N. Buffum, one of the last of the band of abolitionists led by Garrison and Phillips, died at his home in Lynn last evening at 10 o'clock. Mr. Buffum had been gradually failing for several months, and his death was known to be not far in the future when he celebrated his eightieth birthday a few weeks ago.

He had been unconscious for 48 hours previous to his death, and passed away without suffering. Only his family were present.

The anti-slavery cause early enlisted Mr. Buffum's sympathies and active co-operation. He made the acquaintance of William Lloyd Garrison in 1831, whose lifelong friendship and esteem he retained. The *Liberator* dates its existence from that year, and Mr. Buffum was a subscriber and constant reader during its continuance of 30 years. When Fred Douglas was dragged out of a car on the Eastern railroad because of his color, Mr. Buffum heroically fought the mob. He and Douglass went to England in 1845 to protest against the Free Church of Scotland keeping the money contributed to it by the slave-holders of America. The two champions cooperated with Henry C. Wright and George Thompson, and held anti-slavery meetings in Scotland. During that memorial trip Mr. Buffum made friends with Cobden and Bright, O'Connell, Father Matthew, Richard D. Webb, the correspondent of Edmund Quincy and James Haughton.

THE DRUMMERS' TAX.

A Move to Test Its Validity in the State of Texas—An Agent in Jail.

HOUSTON, Tex., June 10.—[Special wire.]—A short time ago a number of drummers for Western and Southern business houses raised the sum of $2,000 to test the validity of the license tax imposed upon all traveling men doing business in the state of Texas.

The money was sent to Waco by a St. Louis firm to make the fight. The first opportunity has already presented itself. Some ten or twelve days ago W. G. Ascher, representing a New Orleans house was arrested here for selling goods without the necessary license permit, and placed in jail on his refusal to pay the fine imposed by a justice of the peace.

A prominent lawyer has been employed in the case, and left for Austin last night to appear before the court of Appeals and sue out a writ of habeas corpus for the release of Ascher.

This is the first move in the fight in the interest of the traveling men of Texas and the southwest, and the fraternity are anxiously awaiting the outcome.

Bell Telephones.

BOSTON, June 14.—The arguments in the case of the United States vs. the Bell Telephone company on the demurrer to the bill of complaint of the United States, were resumed again this morning in the United States Circuit court.

HOSTILE INDIANS.

Widespread Depredations Reported and Soldiers on the Trail.

NOGALES, Ariz., June 9.—The Indian outbreak in this territory is assuming serious proportions. The widespread depredations indicates that there are many more than seventeen bucks, as at first reported, on the war path. The whole country is fired with excitement, and it is feared parties will organize to visit the San Carlos reservation.

In such an event there will be great slaughter. Advices are coming from all directions of outrages. Word comes from W. E. Leek, of Crittenden, that he and two others were aroused yesterday morning by several rifle shots, and found they were surrounded by Indians.

Mike Grace, one of the party, an old pioneer, and highly esteemed and prominent citizen of Arizona, was killed.

The other two made their escape through a canyon pursued by the savages. The people of Crittenden appealed to the station agent at Nogales. "For God's sake send us aid."

In 15 minutes a special train had soldiers on board in charge of Capt. Lee. A portion of the command under Capt. Nutt is on the trail of the hostiles. A courier reports that he ran into a party of Indians, and is now chasing them over the hills. They seem to be making for the Patagonia mountains, and it is quite evident that the hostiles intend to reach the Sierra Madra mountains.

A telegram from Calabasas to the chief of police at Nogales, says the Indians fired upon McCullock's ranch and are on their way south. Another party, it is reported, pushed southwest out of Calabasas.

Juan Gonzalez, commandant of Magdalena, has twenty-five mounted men who leave to-day to try and intercept the Indians at the principal passes along the International line.

Frank Wallace, of the Sonora Land company, arrived from the Montezuma district to-day and reports that all settlers along the route who are likely to be exposed had been notified by Governor Torres that the Indians are out.

LAND IN SEVERALTY.

The Indians Adopt a Protest to Send to the "Great Father."

EUFALIA, I. T., June 9.—The Indian council resumed its session, with delegates from eighteen tribes present, who expressed their satisfaction at the report of the committee appointed Monday to draft a memorial to the President on the land question.

The preamble enumerates the tribes that are willing to sign the memorial, to-wit: Cherokees, Creeks, Choctaws, Chickasaws, Seminoles, Sac and Fox, Osage, and others. With many misgivings, they assume that the United States government intend to give the Indians the benefit of civilization without depriving them of rights.

Having lived under the policy, they claim to be fair judges of its utility. They do not wish to antagonize any policy of the government, but to contribute to its effects. But they make an earnest appeal in behalf of civilized and wild tribes of the territory against the act providing for the allotment of lands in severalty to Indians.

It will be a detriment to their interests, as it will in the near future engulf all of the Indians and tribes of the territory in one catastrophe to the enrichment of land monopolies, of whom even those with the civilized machinery of justice seem powerless to secure their rights.

They depreceate any measure which will place the Indians in so unequal a contest. The Indian needs a strong, political power, legislature, besides patriotism, in order to make true progress in the affairs of life. The law to which objection is urged, enables the Indian to become a member of some other body politic by electing and taking to himself a quantity of land which is at present the common property of all.

The land-in-severalty law apportions to each individual only a part of that which is already his property and leaves the balance for sale to others, who will be composed of a class having no sympathy for the Indians who will rush into the new country in their mad rush for gain, and crowd out every hope and chance of Indian civilization.

They call attention to the sad experience of an individual nature with the United States in 1830 and 1832. The tribe ask that the President stay the operations of the law until they shall be in condition to be benefitted by it.

They further request that the act be not enforced until they have the opportunity of testing the validity of their rights before the judiciary of the United States. The memorial after being interpreted was unanimously adopted.

A NEW COMMODITY.

Certificates of Silver Bullion to be Placed on Sale in New York Soon.

NEW YORK, June 10.—[Special wire.]—The Governing committee of the Stock exchange has placed silver bullion certificates upon the regular list, to be classed as "mining shares" when ready for issue. The proposition has been under consideration some weeks, and has met with such general approval that the determination finally reached by the Governing committee was universally expected.

The benefit to commerce expected from this action, as stated by the originators of this scheme, are "to facilitate dealings and to afford a safe and easy way of handling silver bullion" and "to facilitate commercial transactions that are based upon its prices." They say that a large percentage of American foreign trade is with countries using exclusively a silver currency, and the necessary settled on a basis of value of silver bullion. Therefore its price enters daily into numerous and large transactions, and to know it is a matter of interest and necessity to importers from and exporters to such countries. To settle it quickly and conveniently is also important.

If the value of silver is not fixed when transactions are conducted with it as a medium are made they become matters of speculation. To "clear" such transactions safely there must be enough bullion in sight to form a basis for the settlement of balances. Changes in the value of silver instantly affect the price of many commodities in this country, but hitherto that value has been settled in London. By making a full easily handled, enough bullion will be accumulated here to form the necessary reserve for business, and naturally having the largest stock, this will be the best market to buy in, and consequently will fix the prices.

The silver bullion, which will form the basis of the certificates, will be received by the Mercantile Safe Deposit company, in the Equitable Building, and kept in the vaults, the locks of which will be controlled by both the Deposit company and the Western National bank. The certificates will be steel engraved, in form and size representing petroleum oil certificates. They will be registered and countersigned by the Western National bank of New York, of which Ex-Secretary Manning is president, and deliveries will be made by them.

TEXAS FOR PROHIBITION.

Liquor Men Alarmed and Taking Active Steps to Defeat It.

ST. LOUIS, June 11.—[Special wire.]—A delegation of wholesale liquor men of Texas, representing the anti-Prohibitionists of that state, have been in St. Louis several days in the interest of a campaign fund.

They are soliciting contributions from the leading brewers and distillers of the North and West with a view of raising $50,000 to aid in carrying on the campaign against the adoption of the prohibition amendment which Texas is to vote on August next.

In an interview one of the delegates stated that from present indications, the state will go for prohibition by at least 25,000 majority unless a campaign fund can be raised sufficiently large to get leaders throughout the state to take the stump.

If the people will defeat prohibition the liquor men will be willing to submit to the most rigid high license law and the most stringent supervision of the liquor traffic.

WHISKY AND DYNAMITE.

Bold Threats by the Lawless Citizens of Council Bluffs.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, June 13.—[Special wire.]—The saloons of this city were closed Saturday night at 11 o'clock, by the mayor, who had been called out by disorders on the street. The injunction cases will come up for hearing to-day, when it is generally conceded that all the saloons will have to go.

Among the violators is one of the aldermen of the city. The saloon men have had those who have informed on them arrested and locked up, and it is said that the prosecuting attorney in the cases has been threatened with dynamite and pistols.

Who Discovered America?

LONDON, June 14.—Documents are displayed in the Norse department of the American exhibition, with the object of showing that the continent of America was discovered in 985 by an Icelander named Leif Erikson.

A collection of maps, lent by the Royal Geographical society, show the route said to have been taken and the parts of America explored and named by the Icelanders.

CHANDLER ELECTED.

The New Senator from New Hampshire to Fill Senator Pike's Term.

CONCORD, N. H., June 14.—The Senate this morning, at 11 o'clock, voted for United States Senator, every member being present. The ballot resulted as follows: Harry Bingham, (Dem.), 9; William E. Chandler, (Rep.), 15. The House will vote at noon.

12:05 P. M.—There was a large attendance of members, and the galleries and lobbies were completely filled. The balloting proceeded quietly and resulted as follows: Simon G. Griffin, 1; Joseph Wentworth, 1; Gilmon Marston, 4; Harry Bingham, 136; Wm. E. Chandler, 165.

Mr. Chandler having a majority of votes the speaker directed that his name be entered on the journal as the choice of a majority of the House. All the Republicans were present and voted for Chandler. Gould (Democrat) was the only absentee. There having been a majority for Chandler in the two Houses he is elected for the unexpired term.

The vote for the two leaders was:

	Chandler.	Bingham.
Senate	15	9
House	165	136
Total	180	145

Under the law both branches of the legislature will meet in joint convention at noon to-morrow, when the Journal of to-day's balloting will be compared and a formal announcement of Mr. Chandler's election made.

IMPORTANT DECISION.

States of the Union Amenable to the Jurisdiction of the United States for a Violation of Federal Rights.

NEW YORK, June 10.—[Special wire.]—In speaking of the decision given in the North Carolina bond case, Judge Andrews last night said that the question decided in the litigation would be of far-reaching consequences. He is one of the counsel for the bondholders. Speaking of the result, he continued:

The court has held that the states of the Union are amenable to the jurisdiction of the United States for violation of the federal rights of their respective citizens. This judgment is based on the provision of the United States constitution that the "judicial powers shall extend to all cases arising under this constitution, the laws of the United States, and treaties made, or which shall be made, under their authority."

The language in which this power is conferred is as comprehensive as it can be made. All such cases are included within Federal jurisdiction. States are not excepted from its provisions but on the contrary they are named as parties to suits in other clauses of this judiciary article, and were evidently within the purview of the constitutional convention.

Judicial control over states is deducible from the provisions prohibiting them from certain acts, and notably from passing laws impairing the obligation of contracts. It was not intended that states could violate contracts made with their own citizens, as well as with citizens of other states.

That subject matter was placed under Federal protection and as the constitution originally stood any citizen of the same or another state might resort to the Federal courts to protect his contract right from the effects of legislative invasion.

FROM ILLINOIS.

Potatoes and Corn in Abundance and Everything Prosperous.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., June 11—[Special wire.]—Reports received by the department of Agriculture show that there is a slight increase in the area devoted to corn, and the general condition is above the average for June 1. Much of it has been cultivated the second time.

The area devoted to sorghum is about half as large as last season, and its condition is a full average for June 1. Winter wheat promises about the average yield per acre.

Harvest will commence much earlier than usual. Spring wheat, oats, rye, barley and flax are in fair condition. Tobacco has made good growth during the last month, and has an area equal to that of last season. Meadows and pastures have suffered greatly from the drouth, but have improved since the recent rains.

The area devoted to Irish potatoes is much larger than that of last season, and the condition is above the average for June 1. The fruit prospect is about the same as last year at this date.

MANNING FOR CLEVELAND.

The Ex-Secretary Has a Kind Word for the Civil Service Reformer.

NEW YORK, June 13.—[Special wire.]—"What do I think of the candidates in the next Presidential campaign?" said Mr. Daniel J. Manning yesterday, at the Fifth Avenue hotel. "Well, I can sum it up in a very few words. I consider Mr. Cleveland the winning card in the political game.

"I agree entirely to what he has said on that subject. I leave the field of politics to younger, perhaps I may say newer men. You think there is some slight opposition to Mr. Cleveland in his own party? I do not know this be the case or not, but this much I will say, if there be such opposition it will not hurt him. Mr. Cleveland is a party man, but a discreet party man.

"I do not cere to express an opinion regarding the knowledge possessed by the average intelligent Englishman regarding the politics of this country. I met with much kindness there, and when such matters were discussed it was in a friendly, informal way, such as it would scarcely be fair to formulate an opinion upon."

GROVER'S WESTERN TRIP.

He Will Not Take in Cattle Shows but Will Do a Little "Swinging 'Round."

WASHINGTON, June 14.—[Special wire.]—It is not true, as has been reported, that President Cleveland contemplates next autumn an extended tour through the West, in the course of which he will consent to be the principal attraction at sundry county and agricultural fairs and other like gatherings of like nature.

It is more than probable that President Cleveland will spend a fortnight late in the summer hunting in the Adirondacks. In September he will attend the Grand Army celebration in St. Louis, stopping a few hours en route at Cincinnati, and possibly Louisville.

He will leave St. Louis via Omaha, where he may spend half a day. It is not improbable that another day may be spent in Chicago. Postmaster General Vilas, who will be at his home at Madison, Wis., about this time, has urged the President to extend his trip to that point also.

This the President may do if his brief vacation will permit. He is also considering propositions to stop over a few hours each at several other places between here and Chicago upon the return trip.

ANGLOMANIACS.

Comment Caused by the Proposed Services in Honor of the Queen's Jubilee.

NEW YORK, June 14.—[Special wire.]—There has been some comment among those advised of the facts because of the service to be held in Queen Victoria's honor at 4 o'clock next Sunday afternoon at Old Trinity church.

It is not the peculiar character of the service itself, or of any of its special features, which makes the event a noteworthy one. Its importance is entirely due to the fact that a large body of the Episcopal clergy of the metropolis of the American republic will assemble in their principal church edifice in this city to honor Great Britain's sovereign on the day preceding the 50th anniversary of her coronation.

The movement to bring this about seems to have had its inception among the English residents of this city, and to have been carried forward subsequently with the help of some of the Episcopal clergy of English extraction.

It will be remembered that what was practically a memorial service was held in St. Paul's, London, after the death of Garfield.

PECULIAR PHENOMENON.

A Man Surrounded by an Electric Flame and Severely Burned.

NEW YORK, June 14.—[Special wire.]—Advices from Panama, dated the fourth instant say:

A most extraordinary event occurred recently to a farmer living in Cudinamarca. He had been superintending some work which was being done in the fields, and had left his men to return to his home, when he was momentarily surrounded by an electric flame, which disappeared as quickly as it came.

The victim's left eye was damaged and the eyebrow was burned completely off. The hair surrounding his ears, a portion of his beard and all the hair on his breast were burned off.

All the brass buttons disappeared from his clothing, his watch chain was cut in two, the small hole was bored through his watch case, and the watch glass was shattered, and his right side was burned. He suffered severely, but is recovering rapidly under medical treatment.

Pleuro-Pneumonia.

CHICAGO, June 11.—[Special wire.]—Norman J. Colman, commissioner of agriculture, came up from St. Louis yesterday. He put in the day with Prof. Law in looking over the quarantined district and seeing what had been accomplished in the attempt to extirpate pleuro-pneumonia.

Mr. Colman expressed himself as very much pleased with the appearance of things generally. He said that the work here is going forward in as satisfactory a manner as is possible under the present laws. He thinks now that the disease was originally brought here by Jersey cattle from the East.

PANIC IN CHICAGO.

Wheat Takes a Drop of Seventeen Cents—Failures Announced.

CHICAGO, June 14.—There is a panic in the wheat pit on the board this afternoon. The great wheat clique is utterly demoralized and is said to have "gone broke" on to-day's sensational drop in prices.

Moritz Rosenfeld & Co., one of the clique houses, said to a reporter for an evening paper at 12:30 this afternoon:

This wheat clique has not kept its engagements, and we will have to suspend.

It is feared that a number of other houses will go to the wall before night.

12:50 P. M.—Rosenfeld & Co.'s failure has just been announced on the board.

Wheat declined for June from 92c to 75c, a decline of 17c per bushel.

After 11 a. m. the wheat market, after fluctuating between 79¼ and 70⅝ for some time, finally went all to pieces again, and July closed for the morning at 75, and June at 74¼.

The clique houses apparently lost their hold on the market, and the crowd became utterly demoralized.

Panicky news kept coming in from other points, and the morning session closed with almost a panic.

The failure of one of the leading clique houses—Moritz Rosenfeld & Co.—was announced a few minutes before the close, and it is feared other failures may follow.

Immediately after Sec. Stone had announced the suspension of Rosenfeld & Co., the officers of the firm, as well as those of other commission houses who are supposed to be acting for the clique, were crowded.

The brokers anxious to know what the situation was and whether the other clique houses would be forced to suspend also.

Mr. Rosenfeld could not be seen, and his manager, Frank Johnson, said he could make no statement as yet beyond the fact that they had suspended.

"Our suspension," said he, "is due simply to the reason that our Cincinnati clients have failed to keep all their verbal and written promises in regard to putting up margins.

"We were assured by them last nigh. that the money would be forthcoming this morning and at intervals of ten minutes all this forenoon we have received telegrams from Cincinnati announcing that the money for the margins would be placed to our credit here.

"Up to noon, however, nothing had been received from them, and to prevent more serious losses we took the steps we did."

The greatest excitement prevails among the board of trade houses, but up to 2 p. m., no further failures are reported.

REFUSES TO TALK.

The Cincinnati Member of the Clique Will Not Be Interviewed.

CINCINNATI, June 14.—J. W. Wilshire, who has been named as one of the Cincinnati clique connected with the Chicago wheat deal, was asked what he had to say concerning the trouble, but most emphatically refused to say anything or admit that he knew any more than any body else about the matter.

IS THE CLIQUE BROKEN.

New York Wheat Markets Join in Excitement and Decline.

NEW YORK, June 14.—As a result of a heavy decline at the west the local wheat market suffered a bad break, and during the period under review there was considerable excitement on the pressure to sell. Early months are the weakest, June and July being down fully 2 and 2¼c, and later deliveries show a loss of 1¼ and 1½c.

The speculative dealings are the largest in some time up to the hour (1 p. m.) with most interest centered in July, August, September and December deliveries. Heavy receipts at the west was one bear influence, besides there is to be a meeting of the board of trade directors in Chicago relative to declaring warehouses good receptacles for grain now on track.

It is also rumored that the recent clique is broken.

1 P. M.—The depression in the wheat market is even more marked at this hour, and since the last report the excitement has been more intense.

The only new feature since is the report of the failure of a large bull house in the west.

The extreme decline is 3¾c, without failures. The speculative dealings are unprecedented up to the hour of writing.

THE COFFEE DEAL.

O'Donohue Came to the Rescue and Saved the Day.

NEW YORK, June 14.—The feeling in the street among coffee brokers is strong this morning. Cables from Havre and Rio note increase of prices, standing at Havre two cents above the New York quotation and five cents above at Rio.

A private Havre cable dated to-day at 10 a. m., gives an advance of two francs which is equivalent to 2 points in the New York market. All this tends to strengthen the feeling on 'Change.

The talk of the street is of the grand stand of the "old war horse," J. J. O'Donohue, in staying the tide yesterday which would have otherwise carried widespread disaster. Mr. O'Donohue feels confident. He believes that the events of yesterday will not be repeated. He said:

At least one big house was very closely pushed yesterday, and two others had a narrow escape. But they are all right to-day.

The big one has now behind it in the bank to its credit, and will meet all demands. I stand behind them and there is no danger. All feel that the market is in strong hands. Buyers are beginning to to think the bottom is reached and are sending in orders for. I have filed orders for 17,000 bags this morning in the regular order of business.

The Rio speculators who bolstered up this boom are considered a shaky lot. They have a way of dropping on a falling market. Speculators and brokers from Baltimore and Philadelphia are flocking into the street to-day and a general feeling of oppressed excitement exists. Brokers are gathered together on the streets discussing the situation this morning.

The stock market is weak, and there are appearances of the bull clique's unloading on account of the unsettled state of the coffee and wheat markets. Most of the selling orders come from London, and are principally in Union Pacific, Erie, Reading and St. Paul.

To-day fluctuations were great, and a wide range of prices appeared. Outside the rail was a dense crowd; inside the rail all was excitement. Cables from Havre showing a raise of 50 points gave the market a fillip, and infused temporary life into the crowd. Later a cable from Rotterdam saying sellers were reluctant to sell at present prices, was received with cheers.

The local sales on the first call were 40,500 bags. A great deal of excitement was manifested as to the prospects of a settlement of Arnold & Co. and Mackay & Small, who went under yesterday. When seen by a reporter Mr. B. G. Arnold said his firm would not be prepared to make a statement for some time to come. So far they had not heard from any of their customers.

Mr. Small of Mackay & Small, said they were unable to furnish a statement. "The crisis is over," said Mr. Small, "and to day I think we shall be able to pay dollar for dollar. Our customers will not suffer by our loss."

The street is full of rumors of trouble among banks at Chicago and Cincinnati, but telegrams from those places deny them.

GOOD CROPS.

The Northwest Territory will Send Down an Abundance.

MONTREAL, June 14.—The Canadian Pacific railway telegraph company has collected crop reports from all points of the Northwest and Manitoba, and, with hardly a single exception, the prospects are said to be very much better than last year, and a plentiful harvest is expected.

In Rosenfeld and several other places in the vicinity, there has been no rain since May 29, and the crops were very backward on that account, but on Friday night and Saturday there were heavy rainstorms all over the country, followed by warm weather, and reports from all sources yesterday were unanimous in saying the crops were never better since the country was settled.

Wheat, in some places, is 17 inches high. Farmers and business men never felt more confident of a good crop than at present.

McGlynn and George to Run for Office.

NEW YORK, June 14.—[Special wire.]—It has been decided to abandon the plan of getting up the monster petition for Dr. McGlynn, which was to be forwarded to Rome. A rumor regarding the future movements of Dr. McGlynn and Henry George in politics has been started in St. Stephens parish.

It is to the effect that one of the two will in the coming campaign run for the place in the Senate now filled by Senator John J. Cullen, while the other will endeavor to succeed John F. Kenny of the 18th district in the assembly.

Judge Wood's Place.

RICHMOND, Va., June 14.—[Special wire.]—Sec. Lamar, while enroute to Washington from the South, was asked by a gentleman on the train if he expected to be appointed to succeed Judge Wood on the Supreme bench. The secretary said he did not. To a further question Mr. Lamar replied that the President had never mentioned the vacant judgeship to him pro or con.

AN AEROLITE.

St. Joseph, Indiana, Has a First-class Sensation on its Hands.

EVANSVILLE, Ind., June 13.—[Special wire.]—An aerolite of vast dimensions fell yesterday morning near St. Joseph, about ten miles from this city, and about three miles from the nearest railway station. The residents of this locality were startled by a sharp, quick sound, simultaneous with a severe jarring of the earth.

It was at first thought to be an earthquake, but a farmer soon brought the intelligence that some great projectile had burst through space and imbedded itself in the ground in the woods near by.

The aerolite in falling came in contact with a huge oak which it denuded of its branches as completely as though it had been struck by a hurricane. Passing downward in a slightly slanting course it buried itself in the earth to the depth of at least 15 to 18 feet.

The sandy sides of the hole made by the meteoric stone had caved in upon it, leaving it buried far beyond sight. Several fragments of the stone lay scattered about, and not only these, but the whole atmosphere about the place was impregnated with the smell of sulphur.

The meteoric fragments were of a dull, grayish and dark color, indicating a combination of obsidian, tractile and pumice. They will be brought to this city and sent to the Smithsonian Institute.

The depth to which the aerolite had imbedded itself will give a vast amount of labor to bring it to light. But this will no doubt be done not only for scientific purposes but to satisfy the curiosity of the multitudes who will visit the place during the next few days.

From the great orifice made by the stone, and the depth to which it has gone, it is estimated that it can not weigh less than two tons. The circumstance has occasioned great excitement.

KILLED THEIR CHARGE.

Two of the Insane Keepers at Ward's Island Arrested for Murder.

NEW YORK, June 13.—[Special wire.]—The arrest of keepers McHugh and Cleary, of the insane asylum at Ward's Island, was last night reported at police headquarters. The arrests are the outcome of the autopsy made Saturday by Deputy Coroner W. T. Jenkins on the body of George Farrish, a violent lunatic, who died, it is said, in consequence of brutal treatment by the keepers in April last.

He died April 11 and was buried in Evergreen cemetery, but information coming to the coroners through a former attendant in the hospital, one Mitchell, indicated that he was the victim of maltreatment.

Mitchell said that on the night of April 8 he saw McHugh and Cleary belaboring the lunatic. The poor fellow was crying